Mock-Marriage.

A

COMEDY,

ACTED

At the THEATRE in DORSET-GARDEN,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. SCOTT.

——— Et Angulo ridentem dare Dentem.

Juv. Sat. 1.

LONDON,

Printed for H. Rhodes, in Fleet-street; J. Harris, in the Poultry; and S. Briscoe, in Russel-street, the Corner of Covent-Garden, Covent-Garden. 1696.

The Famous, and the Most Modern Comedy, Written by Mr. Scott.

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——— Et digna Theatris nostris Poetis. Juv. Sat. 3.

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Printed for H. Bonwicke, in Elect-Street; J. Hartly, in the Poultry; and S. Briscoe, in Russel-Street, the Corner of Charles-Street, Covent-Garden. 1696.

THE PREFACE.

NOtwithstanding the many Accidents that concurr'd to the Ruin of this Play, *it succeeded above my Expectations. And I must own my self infinitely oblig'd to the Town, in receiving so favourably, what I at first never design'd for the Stage; it being only the Product of some leisure Hours, which indeed might have been worse employ'd. Had I known the Stage as well as one who undertakes to write for it ought, perhaps I might have perform'd better; but I must look on Things of this nature rather as my Diversion than Employment. If those few Friends I have are not disoblig'd herein, I shall have no reason to complain.*

As for the Play *it self, it is not my Business either to reckon up, or defend the Faults urg'd against it: They who pretend to write by Rule, and at the same time hope to divert the Town, will, I fear, have but little more than their Labour for their*

Pains. Peoples Tastes are different in all Ages; and that which was extreamly well received in the last, will be scarce look'd upon in this; for the Muses, as modest and reserv'd as they are, must suit their Habits to the times, or they will be exploded: To entertain in private, and divert in publick, are two different Talents, and, I believe, both equally difficult.

To conclude, this, with all its Faults, I am now oblig'd to publish: I must confess I think it so mean, that had it been possible I had disown'd it. But the inquisitiveness of some People was so effectual, as to drag me out by force; and I now stand expos'd to the Fury of the Multitude. One great thing laid to my Charge, in the management of the PLAY, is Prolixity (a Fault I will not here again be guilty of) I own it a Miscarriage scarce to be pardon'd, and can impute it to nothing but my unexperience in things of this Nature: But should I ever play the Fool again, it shall be with more Caution and Moderation.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *CROSS*.

YOur Servant, Sirs: I'm come—— Nay, why d'ye wear
Such Anger in your Eyes? I vow and swear
I have put me out; and I am so dismay'd,
I can't remember what I shou'd have said.
O I fear, do what I can, you all are come,
Resolv'd upon a Young Beginners Doom:
And our poor Friend will find you, to his Cost,
Like Birds of Prey, watching a dying Host.
Hard-hearted Men, if I must ask in vain,
I'm sure I ne'er shall trouble you again.
I must confess, 'tis a Fool-hardy Peice
One tender Maid 'gainst such a Crowd of Foes;
The captious Beaux's, and the ill-natur'd Wits,
The thinking Critticks, and unthinking Cits:
Those head-strong Judges, 'tis in vain t'implore 'em;
With well-arm'd Forhead we'll bear all before 'em.
Or are my Fears in vain? I'm sure ere while,
You gently did on our Endeavours smile,
When our old Lords, those Giants of the Stage,
Did in wild Fury with our Youth engage.
But David *can, as they in shame found true,*
Both wear Goliah's *Sword, and wield it too.*
Be kind then to his Youth, and, for my sake,
Don't all th' Advantages you meet with, take:
'Tis a small Boon I ask; The Poet spake,
Good tender Sirs, in Kindness to the Play'r.
Shall I prevail? I hope I shall. However,
If you all come resolv'd to be severe,
If he must die, at least be humbly prays
His Judges, to reprieve him for Three Days.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. KNIGHT.

OF all the Fools, that now infest the Town,
(As we have many) you will meet with none
Detested more by all Judicious Men,
Than the poor Wretch that ventures on the Pen.
All other Fools you pity, or excuse;
But him you're bound in Conscience to misuse.
The Fool of Fortune is your dear Delight;
Ten thousand Pounds a-year can keep all right.
The keeping Fool, what bold Tongue dares accuse?
You may keep any Mistress but a Muse.
The Fool in Office has your daily Grace,
Which you pay not to him, but to his Place.
In short we find (and sure there's something in't)
All Fools are safe, but the poor Fool in Print.
We have a scribling Wretch within, I fear
Whate'er he thinks, will find no better Cheer,
Than all his Predecessors met with here.
For th'idle Fool took no care to secure
One single Friend amongst you all, and sure
A Man in his Condition's past all Cure.
I blam'd him for it; but he says he knows
No Favour he can hope for from the Beaux:

For

For in ſincerity he does profeſs,
He knows not what they are but by their Dreſs.
For the Wits Voices he would humbly pray,
Did not their Talent lie the other way.
And to the Ladies (to his ſhame be it ſaid)
He is ſo modeſt, he can't ſhow his Head.
Then uſe him roughly, nip him in the Bud,
He'll grow too ſturdy if he's not withſtood.
But hold, methinks, I hear ſome wiſely ſay,
'Tis not your intereſt ſure to damn the Play.
Well, if y'are kind to this, ere we give o'er,
You'll find we've better for you in our ſtore.
He that ſets forth a well-appointed Feaſt,
Does never at the firſt produce the beſt;
If you will be t'our firſt Endeavours good,
Our next Diſh ſhall be more ſubſtantial Food.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Goodland.	*Mr.* Diſney.
Fairly, *a Gentleman lately return'd from Travel.*	*Mr.* Horden.
Willmot and Belfont. } *His Friends.*	*Mr.* Powell. *Mr.* Verbrugen.
Sir Simon Barter.	*Mr.* Johnſon.
Sir Arthur Stately, *his Nephew.*	*Mr.* Lee.
Lawrence, *Sir* Arthur's *Man.*	
Roger, Willmot's *Man.*	
Lawyer.	
Lady Barter.	*Mrs.* Knight.
Marina, *Daughter to the Lord* Goodland.	*Mrs.* Rogers.
Clarinda, *her Couſin,*	*Mrs.* Verbrugen.
Flavia, *in love with* Willmot.	*Mrs.* Finch.
Betty, Marina's *Maid.*	*Mrs.* Newman.
Alice, *Maid to the Lady* Barter.	*Mrs.* Clark.
Landlady, *&c.*	Mr. Bullock.
Quaker.	*Mrs.* Powell.
Daughter.	*Mrs.* Urwin.
Muſicians.	

Scene LONDON.

THE Mock-Marriage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fairly *and* Bellfont.

Fair. AND are these all the Diversions this Town affords?

Bell. O no, there are an hundred other things, that pass with the same stamp upon 'em; Men are become as fantastical in their Pleasures as their Devotion; we are now-a-days grown nice and speculative: Every Man is for abstracting something or other, peculiar to his own Humour, which he varnishes over with the Name of Pleasure, tho' it be in it self never so uncouth and ridiculous: You shall have some whole chief delight lies in reading a Play, with a good Grace, to my Lady, after Dinner, paying a Compliment or two upon her Daughter; or, in their absence, sporting with her Lap-dog, perhaps the more sociable Creature of the two.

Fair. These, it may be, are old Fools, sunk beneath the taste of more refined Pleasures, and by Age rendred unfit for any thing else.

Bell. No, Faith, lusty young Fellows, with brawny backs and full faces, design'd by Nature for nobler ends, but debauch'd in the very Cradle; their Mothers made Fools of 'em whilst they are young, and they make Fools of themselves ever after.

Fair. But don't these Fools consider in the mean time, how unjust they are both to themselves and their Country? Can they lye so securely at home, whilst all the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms, and not be rows'd by the neighbouring War, which roars so loud it almost shakes their Houses?

Bell. Why, Faith, *Ned*, the grave Men may talk to 'em of such things, but they have more Wit to believe 'em; 'tis for Men of broken and desperate Fortunes, that have nothing to do in this World, to bid up for the

next; why, an unthinking Canoo-bullet may come, and strike our young Hero over the face, and then farewell 1500 *l.*-year.

Fair. And yet our Fathers, *Bellair*, who knew the worth of Life as well as we, in foreign Fields, chose rather to spend their days, than sleep in lazy Peace at home, when the English Valour singly cou'd oppose the growing Greatness of our haughty Neighbours, and make 'em bend beneath our stronger Virtue.

Bel. Ay, ay, there have been those days, when a Scar or two were thought as necessary to compleat a Man's Physiognomy, as a beard; but that was before Gunpowder came in fashion. Our Fathers were rude, ill-bred fellows, Men of Souls as ill-shaped as their Cloaths, that knew not how to put a right value upon Life, because not sweeten'd with those softer Pleasures, which we their famous Off-spring, the bold Adventurers of this happier Age, dare first discover.

Fair. Pleasures indeed! but, O how much they've cost us! Our Fame and Virtue given in exchange, may make us curse the Purchase; but hang 'em, let's leave 'em to their own Folly and Repentance: And, prithee, tell me, *Bellair*, I hope some Men of Sense are still to be found; for if the Town is compos'd of such as these, I had best back to *Flanders* again; 'twill be more troublesome to me, than Winter-Quarters in an Enemy's Country.

Bel. No, Faith, never think of *Flanders*, so long as there is good Wine, good Friends, and handsome Whores to be had; for as for the honest Women, as our Friend *Willmot* saith, they are not worth our thoughts.

Enter Willmot.

Will. For shame, *Harry*, what, talk of Whores so early in the morning? See if *Fairly* doth not blush at it. Hark you, *Ned*, if you wear those looks always, you'll never rise to any higher Service with the Women, than holding their Fans, or, perhaps, buckling their Shoes upon occasion. Throw aside that stiff Spanish Gravity, and appear like thy Self, brisk, airy, and witty, as Nature has design'd thee, and do not wrong thy Youth thus.

Fair. All in good time, *Frank*, all in good time; two or three fits of thy loose wanton humour wou'd turn the World upside down.

Will. With all my heart; I long to see th'other side of it, this is so crowded with Knaves and Fools, that there is hardly any room left for Men of Sense to stir in.

Fair. I find, indeed, *Frank*, my Landlady has drawn thee to the Life, in her Character she hath given me of thee.

Will. Damn her, old *Jezebel*, she has been corrupting her Neece with some of her grave Instructions too, she'd never be so reserv'd else; I have ever-minded it, those envious old Devils, who are damn'd by Age to an insensibility of Pleasure themselves, are always for disappointing it in others. But——

Enter Lapdandy.

Land. But what, Mr. *Wilmot*? I have heard you, your wicked devices will fall upon your own head.

Wil. Dear Lapdandy, how does thy loathsom face this morning? Let me kiss thee.

Land. Stand off, you rude Man, I wonder you are not ashamed to appear in my house; as I am honest, Gentlemen, he is e'en a Terrour, my Maids tremble at the very sight of him; if he comes within twenty yards of the house, they are sick for half-a-three hours after. Stand off, I say; if he goes on at this rate, my own Person won't be secure; but, Sir, have a care, there is Law to be had against Ravishers.

Wil. Alas, alas! five and fifty will secure thy Person, old *Eve*, better than all the Laws in the Land; but if thou wouldst wages a good Understanding betwixt me and thy pretty Niece, I should not care much if I held up my hand in all the Courts in *England*.

Land. Out, you Rake! would you have me turn Bawd at last?

Wil. Why not, you old Fool? Thou art good for nothing else. I can't imagine why they, who are thrust off the Stage of Pleasure themselves, should not be assisting to those that are upon it, and so promote the good Work, tho' they can't be Actors in it.

Land. You hear him, Gentlemen; but 'tis no matter, ease and plenty have made him wanton, he'll be of another mind one day. There, Sir, [*To Wilmot*] there's a Letter for you, I undertook to deliver it, though you do not deserve so much from me.

Wil. Why, did not I tell you, Gentlemen, she'd make an excellent Bawd, she's Mistress of one branch of the Faculty already: Look here, she has a good hand at Conveyance. Here, old Sybil, read it thy self.

Land. I will so, if I have my eyes about me. Let me see, How's this!

Dear Mr. *Wilmot*,

MY Husband has been abroad these two days, and will not return till Saturday; *if you have half the love you pretend, you will not neglect so favourable an Opportunity: The Bearer may prove a necessary Instrument, and will deserve Encouragement,*

Yours, &c.

Wil. Which thou shalt most assuredly have, my dear Emballadress. Well, what Gratuity, ha! a new Gown, Scarf, or a Suit of Linen? Come, prithee tell me which would'st thou have? Or now I think of it, a new Sett of Teeth wou'd do better than any thing.

Land. Stand off, Sir, and don't provoke me, I'd have you to know I'm a Gentlewoman; my Husband, God bless him, if he had liv'd, might have been an Alderman e'er now, and I to do this. No, Sir, I received it of the Instrument, as you call him, this morning; he thought you had

ſtill lodg'd here; but you ſhall receive the next your ſelf for me; and as for your Pimp, if I catch him again, I'll take order that my Maids ſhall give him the Encouragement he deſerves; a young Rogue, that has ſcarce wip'd his Mother's Milk off his Chops, and he to turn the Devil's Solicitor! Lord! Lord! what will this World come to!

Will. No more Reflections, good Beldame, but lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if your buſineſs was never manag'd by ſuch a Lawyer as I remember my Lord *Goodland*'s Page, that I was to ſay, Plant, if any one appear'd: Come, come, theſe Gentlemen muſt know all.

Land. I deſie thee, and all thy Malice, thou wicked Slanderer, though by day and night I'll be even with you, or I'll be the Table-talk of the whole Town.

Will. Nay, don't be angry, good Landlady, but let us come to the buſineſs; prithee document thy Neece a little better, ſhe is young and giddy I confeſs, but muſt needs hearken to thee, both as thou art an old Woman, and her Aunt, if thou wilt but bring the buſineſs about, thou know'ſt my meaning——

Land. No, no, good Devil, keep off, I ſhall ſacrifice none of my Flesh and Blood to you.

Will. None of thine! I want it not, 'tis for *Flavia*! pine, and languiſh; and if thou haſt no Compaſſion on me, I ſhall die outright.

Land. Why, Faith, the ſooner the better, for I know no remedy.

Will. Well then, ſince thou art ſo inexorable, I proclaim open War againſt thee; thou ſhalt not have a Monkey left to play with a days, or a Lap-dog to ſport with a nights, not an old Beaux to ſend thee to Church, or bow to thee in the Play-houſe; I'll watch thee as narrowly as thy old Husband ever did; if any one offers thee the leaſt Civility, I'll challenge him; and if he dares refuſe the Combat, poſt him up for a Coward; till by degrees I have ſo encompaſſed thee, that thou falleſt ſick of the yellow Jaundice, and at laſt dy'ſt in *Bedlam*: What ſay'ſt thou, will thou compound yet?

Land. No, I'll die firſt; but, to be even with you, may the hot deſires of boiling Youth, and the impotence of old Age, be your continual Plagues; may all your Miſtreſſes be kind, but want the bleſſings of Opportunity to yield themſelves up to you; may ſome unexpected Accident ſtill croſs your Expectations at the very point of Enjoyment; may all your Wiſhes be as eager, as your Endeavours vain; and, to allay the Fires your amorous hopes have kindled, may you fly to ſome old Weather-beaten Sinner, that may corrupt your Body, and blaſt your Reputation; may you in the height of Youth drop into the Diſeaſes of old Age, and at laſt die in an Hoſpital, and ſo farewell; for I will have my Revenge.

[*Exit.*

Belf. Ha, ha, ha, ha; Faith, *Willmot*, I believe it is the wiſeſt way to be reconcil'd; for whatever you think of *Flavia*, ſhou'd ſhe ſpoil your Deſigns upon *Clarinda*, I believe a little from that ſide wou'd ſenſibly touch you.

Will. No, no, *Clarinda* has more Wit than to hearken to her, beſides my pretences to her have nothing but Honour in 'em, cou'd I perſuade that young Gypſie to believe me.

Fair. Very honourable indeed, when in the heighth of your Courtſhip you are upon a double Scent: True Love is like real Friendſhip, it can admit but of one Object; for otherwiſe it loſes its name, and becomes meer Flattery and Oſtentation.

Will. Nay, hold there, *Ned*, I grant you a Man can take but one, *for better for worſe*; but where there is a full ſtock of Love, others ſurely may put in for the overflowings: 'Tis true, none but the elder Son ſhou d lay lay claim to the Inheritance, and yet the younger may reaſonably expect ſome, by Gifts and Legacies.

Bell. And you, I fear, are for diſpoſing of ſo many, that your main Eſtate will be ſcarce reſponſible.

Will. Then I'll call in my Friends to my aſſiſtance; but of this we'll diſcourſe more over a Glaſs of Wine at my Lord *Goodland*'s, and the two young Ladies ſhall judge of our performances. What think you, *Fairly*? Will you ſubmit yourſelf to *Marina*'s Judgment?

Fair. Yes, if I cou'd but hope ſhe thought as favourably of me, as I do of her; but I hear our Engliſh Ladies have thrown off that freedom and openneſs of humour they have been ſo celebrated for, and are become too nice and reſerved, even to affectation.

Bell. And yet that reſervedneſs you ſeem to condemn in our Ladies, it is no more than neceſſary. We begin to uſe more ſeverity towards them than the very *Spaniard*; he by his reſtraint ſecures 'em from the worſt of Vices, we expoſe and miſ-repreſent the very beſt of their Vertues; nay, the nobleſt of the whole Sex have been ſometimes ſtigmatized in a Lampoon for that very Action which deſerv'd a Panegyrick.

Fair. I thought thoſe Lampooners Province lay on the other ſide; does the whole Town afford 'em ſuch thin Diet, that they are forc'd to prey upon Vertue to ſatisfie their ravenous Appetite?

Bell. O damn 'em for ill-bred Curs, that love to leave the lawful Scent, and fall foul on forbidden Game; ſullen miſchievous Beaſts, that have nothing of Satyrs in 'em, but the deformity, that by a ſtrange Art of Chymiſtry, can change the pureſt of Gold into the baſeſt of Metals, and draw the rankeſt Poiſons out of the wholeſomeſt Herbs.

Will. Why, as ill a Character as you have given of theſe People, *Bellfont*, Sir *Arthur* within thinks it no diminution to his Honour to be reckon'd in the number.

Bell. Nay, I muſt confeſs he has ill Nature enough to entitle him to it.

Will. And as he thinks, Wit.

Bell. A little will qualifie him.

Fair. You two are always quarelling I find, *Willmot*.

Will. O, he muſt be kept at ſome diſtance, or he'd grow too ſawcy and familiar.

Fair.

Fair. Certainly never had one Man such a variety of Humours, so directly opposite to one another; they say he is Master of a great Estate, and yet he has seldom a peny in his Pocket; a great Lover of Women's Company, and yet so slovenly, that he is sometimes scarce to be endur'd in Men's; this hour so obliging and complaisant, that you wou'd take him for a meer Courtier; the next, so rough and impractable, that there is no dealing with him; and though he pretends to an open intercourse and familiarity with many of the Nobility, yet doth his Acquaintance lye no less amongst the very Scoundrels of the Town.

Will. And I believe him equally ridiculous to both; these make choice of him for their Prey, and th'other for their Mirth: He is a Glove for both hands.

Bell. And yet handsome on neither; a Fool that will be frequently thrusting himself into good Company, tho' he is sure to spoil it; next to his Uncle Sir *Simon*, I believe him the most extraordinary Person this Town can afford.

Will. That is indeed a Master-piece, an Ideot that is mightily affronted he is not rais'd up to the Nobility; nay, so extravagantly vain and supercilious, that he thinks it infinitely beneath his Quality so much as to look upon any one under the Title of Lord.

Bell. Very fond of his Wife I hear.

Fair. And withal very jealous.

Bell. You know best with what Reason, *Will*; for I hear whatever Opinion he may have of a *Plebeian*, she hath no very mean one of you.

Will. Why, truly she is so prudent, as not to esteem Men according to the airy trifles of Fortune, but the more substantial gifts of Nature.

Bell. And to show her Judgment, has fix'd on your Person as the Object of her Favour.

Will. I must confess we have frequently spent some hours together, and, I believe, to both our satisfactions.

Bell. Nay, to your credit be it spoken, I hear she has almost quench'd that thirst after variety, that wandring inconstant humour, you have been hitherto so famous for. Prithee, what has she about her entertains thee so long?

Will. Why, I esteem her much for the same reason some People love a Cat or Monkey, because they are mischievous: She has a sort of ill-natur'd Wit in her, that you will be forc'd to admire, tho' you are sure to suffer under it: She has learn'd her Master *Ovid*'s Lesson most exactly; for she'll always sharpen the Appetite by some unlucky contrivance or other, that shall be sure to hawk your Expectation for the present, and send you back more eager in your Wishes than you came; so that by that time she is pleased to give her self into your Arms, you come fir'd with double Vigour, and shall find new Charms that are more engaging, because seemingly reap'd in danger.

Fair.

Bisk. A politick Quality enough in a Mistress: She knows thy trembling Humour, and therefore uses thee accordingly. But I wonder we hear nothing of Sir *Arthur* this Morning: He uses to be calling for his Chocolate ere this.

Bell. Perhaps he hears that *Willmot* is with thee; and therefore cares not to appear. What was the ground of your Quarrel last Night, *Frank*? I found you mighty high.

Will. The Fool would needs pretend to have been something too familiar with a Lady of my Acquaintance I met with in the Play-house, and give the Company an account of the Time when and where; when, to my own knowledge, she has scarce been in *London* four Days; and I am sure never saw it before in her life.

Fair. What wont such vain Fops affirm! But, hold; I believe I hear him coming. Prithee, *Frank*, do thou withdraw a little; for I fear he'll not come in, if he sees thee here.

Will. I will do. But try to bring in the Subject of our Quarrel in your Discourse, if you can: We shall hear if he is in the same Humour now, he was in last Night.

Sir Arthur within. Landlady, good-morrow: Is *Ned Fairly* within?

Landlady within. Yes, Sir *Arthur*, he's in the Dining-Room.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Fair. Here he comes: Fox, to the Hole. Sir *Arthur*, good-morrow: I thought a Man addicted to Study like your self, could not have lain, with patience, so long in Bed.

Sir *Arth.* Why faith, *Ned*, the Fumes of last Night's Wine have rais'd Fogs in my Brain this Morning. But where do you dine to day?

Fair. Where I hope we shall have your good Company: It is my Lord *Woodland*'s Birth-day, which I hear he celebrates most Nobly: You are invited, Sir *Arthur*, amongst the rest.

Sir *Arth.* Faith I'm sorry I can't be there; I made a Promise to a Lady, that was mighty importunate with me last night, to bring two or three of my new Songs, and dine with her to day: But I may come and take a Glass after Dinner.

Fair. You'll oblige the Company, Sir *Arthur*. But what, may I be so bold as to ask who this Lady is? The same, I fansie, *Willmot* was so uncivil as to quarrel with you about last night.

Sir *Arth.* The very same, *Ned*: But was there ever such an unmannerly Puppy, to tell me to my Face the Lady was a Stranger to me, when I'm sure we have been familiarly acquainted these twelve Months!

Bell. And yet he positively affirms she never saw *London* 'till within these four Days.

Sir *Arth.* *Willmot* is a Rascal, and they are all Fools that hearken to him: Had I thought he wou'd have answer'd me, I had challeng'd him; but I know him a Coward, and think him beneath my Anger.

Fair.

Fair. Have a care, Sir, he's a Man of Honour, and they say, when provok'd, has a sharp Sword.

Sir *Arth.* Honour, Sir! What mean you? Not so much as Sir *Arthur Stanly*, I hope: And as for a Sword, mine's as good a Blade as his can be.

Bell. I doubt it not, and in as good Hands, that can manage it as cleanly.

Sir *Arth.* Clean, Sir? I confess I have not wash'd 'em to day: But what's that to you? Had you nothing else to observe? I hate those Men that still expose the Failings of their Friends, but bury their Vertues in silence.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha! Do you take me for your Nurse, Sir *Arthur*, to mind whether your Face is clean every morning? tho', I confess, you wou'd do well to keep a Valet for the purpose.

Fair. Come, come, no more of that, *Harry*; when Sir *Arthur* has time to consider, he'll be of your Mind; 'till then, we'll leave him to the pursuit of his Pleasures; and with him success amongst the Ladies.

Bell. Success! he deserves it not; and 'tis impossible he shou'd obtain it: She that can grant him a Court'sie, will hardly deny one to the Devil. Were I a Woman, I shou'd take a Black-moor for an Angel to him.

Sir *Arth.* Malice, by Hell! meer Malice, and Repining at my good Parts! And yet know, Sir, there are Ladies in Town bright as the Day, and sweeter than the Morning, that dare be familiar with my Person, in a better Place than I shall name at present, whilst you are consuming your Wits in a dull rhiming Ditty, Sir, below, and tuning it to your lamentable squeaking Cats-guts: And so I leave you; for know, I scorn you more than you envy me.

Will. re-entring.] Hold, good Sir *Arthur*; pray hear me a Word first, before you go.

Sir *Arth.* The Devil! *Will.* here! Nay then—— But hang him, they dare not in Honour let him draw upon me; besides, my Uncle may be call'd upon occasion (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, what have you to say?

Will. You are design'd for the Lady this Morning, I hear?

Sir *Arth.* A plague take him: Upon that String still! And what then, Sir?

Will. My Love, Sir, that's all; and withal tell her from me, Since Nature work'd so very violenty in her, as to force her to sacrifice her Honour to her Inclinations, she cou'd not have pick'd out a fitter Person than the Worthy Sir *Arthur Stanly*.

Sir *Arth.* O Sir, your Servant. What means he?

Will. The Mirrour of Knighthood!

Bell. And Top-Gallant of Generosity!

Fair. That Pyramid of Learning!

Bell. And Monster of Good-nature!

Will. The Glory of the Young!

Fair. And Envy of the Old!

[*All this while* Sir Arthur *is endeavouring to get from 'em, but they detain him.*

Will.

Will. Nay, by your leave, Sir, your Modesty must be patient a little: I can never do too much to wipe off the injury I did you last Night.

Sir *Arth.* None at all, Sir, I vow to God: Pray, Sir, excuse me.

Will. You shall have Justice. First, for his outside, that compliant shape.

Bell. And sprightly Air.

Fair. That rising Nose.

Will. And radiant Eyes.

Bell. That graceful Front.

Fair. And ruddy Cheeks.

Will. Those Milk-white Teeth——

Bell. And pouting Lips.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Arth.* Hold Sir, I've a Sword.

Will. Lock it up, you'll lose it else.

Sir *Arth.* And shall——

Will. Pick your Teeth with it?

Sir *Arth.* Run you through the Guts.

Will. Dare you use it?

Sir *Arth.* Wou'd I durst.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Will. Dost thou hear me, thou vain Fop, thou Lover in imagination only; had'st thou no body else to abuse, no Sempstress's Daughter, or Suburb-Mistress, no Merchant's Wife, or Captain's Sinner, People that have no Reputation, and yet want none; but your base Tongue must play with the fair Honour of one unknown: A Lady too, by Heaven, whose Maiden-thoughts, did they once start aside, warm'd by Desire and youthful Blood, on sight of such a filthy lump of Lewdness, wou'd recoil back, and cool again to Vertue.

Fair. Hold, *Willmot*, now you are too unconscionable; the Knight is sensible of it already: What shou'd he do with a Mistress, write Anagrams upon her Name, or Posies for a Ring? He dares appear no where abroad with her; not at the Play-house, for there the Orange-wenches wou'd ridicule him; nor at Church, where the Dogs wou'd bark at him; besides, he can't tell how to write a Billet-deux gentrely, unless it be in Rhime. And you know, Sir *Arthur*, 'tis ten to one, but she'd pin that at your back again the next time you came to visit her.

Sir *Arth.* Well, Gentlemen, I know my own Worth; and all you can say, shall never lessen my good Opinion of my self; and so I leave you: May Pride and ill Nature be your daily Companions. [*Exit.*

Will. Your Servant, Sir, ha, ha, ha: A pleasant Scene, this. *Roger.*

Enter Servant.

Roger. Your Worship's Pleasure?

Will. Thou hast dogg'd many a Woman upon occasion, and that very cunningly: Follow me now Sir *Arthur*; house him, and learn his business there, if possible; nay, make haste, thou'lt loose him else.

Roger. I fly to serve you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Will. Now if she Rogue [illegible] and we doubt but he will; shall we know what Woman [illegible], that have such an honourable esteem for his Person a Score dirty Laneralls or other, my life on't.

Fair. I confess it will be worth our discovery; 'twill be a mortification both to him and Sir *Simon*, who won'd utterly discard him, shou'd he be touch'd the Lip of any thing that was not honourable.

Bell. May the Event answer our Expectations: But prithee what Lady is this, whose Honour thou hast so zealously defended?

Will. Why, Faith, one that may have no more than Sir *Arthur* won'd allow her, for ought I know: She has Wit and Beauty enough for a Whore; and if her Honesty can't keep pace with both, she may be what he fancy'd her; but as yet I have better thoughts of her. In short, it was *Clarinda*.

Bell. The Devil 'twas!

Will. The very same, Man.

Fair. 'Tis strange he did not know her, being so near a Neighbour!

Will. Not so, considering she came but last *Friday*, and has been scarce twice abroad e'er since.

Fair. I fancy, *Frank*, this piece of Generosity, did she hear of it, must needs do more with her than a Whole Year spent in formal Courtship.

Will. Hear of it! Not for the World: 'Twill make her proud and careless of her own Honour, when she thinks she has got a Champion to maintain it; besides, I shall be taught as for a mere Knight-errant, and the Avenger of distressful Damsels: No, I had rather be her Lap-dog than Hector; therefore no Word of it if you love me: But how Sir *Arthur* will carry it all when he sees her, will be worth our Observation.

Fair. Like one who had his Sire fix fall before him.

Bell. I warrant it worth all our other Mirth: But come, 'tis time we were there.

Will. Allons, *Fairly*. Now for *Alvina*.

Bell. Did you never speak to her yet?

Fair. Not since my return from Travel: 'Tis true, before I went, we grew up into an innocent Familiarity, grounded upon the Friendship of our Parents; nay, sometimes her un-experienc'd youth would let fall something, my eager hopes did then interpret the Signs of Love: But she was young, and, as my Fears now tell me, scarce knew the Name.

Will. I warrant thee, Man, Girls of fourteen know as much as their Mothers; and, at fifteen, are of as ripe Experience.

Fair. Well, Fortune be my Friend.

Will. Be thy own, *Ned*; and then a Fig for fortune.

[*Fairly, Belfont going; and* Willmot *following, Jervice Flavia, who appears at the other side of the Stage.*

Flav. Good Lord! I have been crossing my self, and devoutly saying my Pray'rs this Morning, for fear of the Devil, and the very first thing I meet proves him. Well, I'll pray no more, if these be their effects.

Will. No, Child, you know Prayers without Charity are always ineffectual; and till thou hast some for me, thine must necessarily prove so.

Flav.

Flav. Why, Good Sir, wherein do you ſtand in need of us? You are ſound and firm in body, as I take it.

Will. Yes, Faith, and in good health; try me elſe.

Flav. Softly, ſofily, Sir, and I believe in want of nothing. You wear good Cloaths, and, I dare ſay, feed well: Your Face ſpeaks as much.

Will. Doſt thou like it then?

Flav. Yes, as I wou'd a well-drawn Picture; that feeds the ſight with Pleaſure afar off; but approach near it, and its Beauty's loſt.

Will. The Devil thou doſt: A pretty Compariſon, Faith. Doſt thou take me for a piece of *Arras*; a thing in a Frame, ſet to adorn your Ladyſhip's Cloſet; the ſilent Witneſs of your ſecret lewdneſs?

Flav. No hold there, Sir, I've ſcarce ſo good an Opinion of you; ſo far from thinking you wou'd conceal what you ſee, that I believe you wou'd tell more than you know.

Will. So far from that, Sweet-heart, that let a Lady be kind to me overnight, and Faith, I forget it quite next Morning; nay, I ſcarce think of her, or her buſineſs, ever after.

Flav. A fine Commendation this, and a great Encouragement. Pray, Sir, forget me not; nay, Sir, keep further off, or I ſhall call my Aunt.

Will. I had rather thou ſhould'ſt call the Devil; he'd be leſs trouble, and ſooner learn his Duty. Well, what ſay'ſt thou? By thoſe wanton Eyes, and trembling Lips, thoſe glowing Cheeks, by all thy ſoft Deſires, ſay ſhall I not? My Love, my Angel! how can'ſt thou be thus cruel?

Flav. This Afternoon——

Will. Speak where, and make me happy.

Flav. In my Lord *England*'s Grove, adjoining to my Aunt's Garden.

Will. 'Twas made on purpoſe; At Four then I'll expect you.

Flav. Three if you love me.

Will. By this Kiſs I do: Ten thouſand Sweets are lodg'd in't.

Flav. Well, you'll forget now.

Will. I ſhall be damn'd then.

Flav. Till then——

Will. Farewell: All my beſt Hopes wait on you. [*Exit Flavia.*

Women were born to be ſubdu'd: In vain
They ſtrive t'oppoſe the nobler Creature Man:
Their own Deſires at length will make 'em yield,
And firſt or laſt they all muſt quit the Field.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, *Lady* Goodland's *House.*

Enter Marina *and* Clarinda.

Mar. WEll, well, Cousin, I say still, *London* for my Money: If my Mother catches me in the Country again in haste, may I look as old as she does; or what is worse, marry the Fool her Wisdom has pick'd out for me, and be kept there all the days of my life.

Clar. Marry, I suppose you design nothing else; 'tis her Will, and she must be obey'd.

Clar. Why, Faith, there's as much reason in't: I grant you, were there a scarcity of Men, and consequently a danger of my dying a Maid, I might upon reasonable Terms be brought to submit; but as long as there is such a variety, Lawyers with great Estates, and Coxcombs without at all; elder Brothers with heavy Heads, and younger with light Purses; Citizens, Soldiers, Players, and Poets: If he ever gets me between a pair of Sheets, I'll be damn'd to sowre Milk, and Whey-butter, as long as I live.

Mar. You're not in earnest sure?

Clar. By my Virginity, but I am.

Mar. Now, in my Eyes, the Country is not so disagreeable, unless an easie retir'd Life, remov'd from the Clamours and Vices of the Town, may be reckon'd as such.

Clar. Nay, hold you there, good Cousin, the Country has its Noises too, tho', perhaps, not so loud and frequent; yet I'm sure far more odious. What think you of a Consort of Hounds for a Serenade ev'ry Morning, that raises your good Spouse by Four-a-Clock, who leaves you to nothing but the vain Wishes of a better Bed-fellow: It may be you drop a sleep again, and dream of one; but scarce has your Imagination hap'd him to Desires, before a Block of well dispos'd Geese frightens your fancy'd Lover from your Arms, and secures your Body, that Temple of Chastity, from Pollution, so that you have not the opportunity of cuckolding him, tho' it be only in a Dream.

Mar. Nor had I one, wou'd I desire it; so much should I be his, so truly the Servant of his Pleasures, that I'd esteem each guilty thought a Rebel that dar'd to wander from him.

Clar.

Clar. True, but it must be one that I cou'd love, and that knew how to deserve me; not your dull Country Ass, that makes no difference betwixt his Wife and Horse; who tho' he has Tongue as big as one of his Calves, can entertain me in Discourse with nothing, but the price of Corn and Hay, or rotten Sheep and lowsie Hogs; that confines me to an old House, the ill contriv'd labour of some of his Ancestors, who came over forsooth with *William* the *Conqueror*: my Company, an old Aunt, or ill favour'd Sister; or perhaps the Parson after Dinner, who is to tell me the meaning of his last Sermon, and sometime a piece of News six months old, pick'd out of the mouldy Papers he lights his Pipes with. No, no; my Father, Peace rest with him, left me moderately rich, and, or I am flatter'd, I have my share of Beauty; if then any thing above a Justices Clerk, dare be troubled with me here, when I go back again to *Warwick-Lane*, to spend my Time and Money in Poltisses for sore Throats, Plaisters for Scabby Heads, and broken Shins, the Devil shall be wiser than I take him.

Mar. Well, you are learned, Cousin; but let us wave this Discourse till *Willmot* comes; he shall bear a part in it: I fancy by that guilty blush, you can set down satisfied with him and all his faults.

Clar. If he has no more, than I yet perceive, he will not find me very intractable; but I must know him better first.

Mar. I dare swear he loves you heartily.

Clar. If he may be believ'd himself, he does indeed; for he had the impudence to tell me so the very first time he saw me; tho' I fancy there are many other Ladies in Town, can say as much of him: he is one of those that falls in Love with every new Face they meet.

Mar. He has indeed had the Name of a great Libertine; but you know Wedlock is a Mortifying State, and they say a great cooler of the Blood.

Clar. But I'll mortifie him before, or my Wits shall fail me; for when once I give my Hand, I resign all my Power: Marriage in many respects is like Death, you may make what conditions you please before the Ceremony, but as the Parson Ties you, he leaves you, there's no Reprieve to be had.

Mar. If it's so dangerous, I think them the wisest that keep farthest from it.

Clar. For the same reason therefore, you shou'd abstain from those Meats that please the Palate most, for fear of a Surfeit, or what is worse, Poysons that may be lodg'd in 'em: no, no *Aurina*, Flesh and Blood sometime or other will be craving, and must be satisfy'd, otherwise we do a violence to Nature. Who tells us that we are imperfect pieces, like tender Plants expos'd to th' fury and the rude blasts of bold malicious Tongues, till our kind Fortunes have at length remov'd us into the Arms of kind, and loving Husbands, there we shoot up, and like the tender Vine, warm'd in the Embraces of the faithful Elm, we join our Loves and sweetly grow together; and when at length we die, we leave behind us a Memory that shall perfume our Ashes.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, here's Mr. *Wildair* come in, and I believe has been hunting after you, for he has run his Nose into ev'ry corner of the House.

Clar. Let him hunt on, 'twill get him a Stomach to his Dinner.

Mar. Are any with him?

Betty. Yes Madam, Mr. *Fairly* and Mr. *Ballfont*.

Mar. Fairly?

Clar. Yes, Cousin, *Fairly*, does it startle you? What think you of him for an Husband?

Mar. As of all others; but why that Question?

Clar. Because some speaks him an Accomplish'd Gentleman.

Mar. She is fondly in the right, Cousin.

Clar. I must confess I have seen him; and to my thinking, his Person promises nothing extraordinary; his Conversation too, they say is no way grateful.

Mar. To Wanton Women's Ears perhaps it is not, he knows not how to entertain 'em with a Discourse of this or that Lady, wantonly caught with such a Lord, or reckon up all the new Faces that appear at Court, who 'twas that spoke last night behind the Lobby, what such an one said to her Maiden-head, and how oft she had sold it: things that please none but Fools that live on Scandal; but to all Modest Ears, his words are sweet as the dieft Postures of departing Saints, when their Souls are going to possess the long expected Crown of all their Virtues.

Clar. Ha, ha, *Marina*, have I caught you? I thou'd take you to be one of those Saints by your Rapture, but I believe yours has more of the Flesh than Spirit in it.

Mar. What mean you, Cousin?

Clar. What mean you to play the Hypocrite thus? come, come, I guess'd as much before; and what I said was only to try you, tho' I confess, I did not think you'd wince so very soon.

Mar. Well, since you have Entrapp'd me, I do love him, equal to Life, and my best hopes of Heaven; more than the Souldier Honour, or the Miser his secret Treasure, more than a new-made Mother, the first dear Pledges of all her Fruitful Joys.

Clar. A pat Confession truly, great pity 'tis he was not Married to't.

Mar. No, when I stoop so low, and vilely sue him to take me to his Arms, may I grow loath'd as Whores and Drunkards; whatever Fortune has design'd me, I'll still retain that modest Virgin-Pride, which adds new Charms to Beauty, and makes our Youth more lovely.

Betty. Madam, my Lord.

Enter Lord Goodland, Fairly, *and* Willmot.

L.d. Good. Here, where are you Thinking of Husbands, my life on't; first how to get, and then Cuckold 'em. Here, Mr. *Fairly*, here's an old Friend of yours, that's grown a Strapper since you left *England*; ay, there to 'em, so well said.

Fair.

Fair. She's grown indeed, but like a blushing Rose, whose opening Bud promis'd a World of Beauty; but being full blown, exceeds our Expectations.

Ld. Good. That's well laid again, adod, you are a meer Courtier, I won'd not be a young Girl in your way for something. See if she does not blush; a meer puling Wench, she'll ne're have so much fire in her as her Mother had.

Clar. Yes my Lord, a Youthful Lovers Arms, brisk as I'm told your Lordship was in your younger days, will quickly warm her.

Ld. Good. So, my mad Neece still, and I wish thou art in the right; but a Plague on't, none but Fools and Mad men will have any thing to say to you upon that score now, your own Pride and Self-conceit has quite spoil'd your Market; a Lover is but a more Genteel Name for an Ass, for twenty pound to a Fiddle string, but you make him such before you have done.

Clar. Do you hear, Sir, know what you was born to, and tremble.

Willm. Yes my little *Circe*, I do so; thou shalt make me what Beast thy fancy likes best, so thou wilt make me thine: I'll bed thee under all the shapes in *Æsop*, and beget a new Race of Monsters, to People the Land of the *Muses*, and thou and I will Reign King and Queen there.

Clar. No Sir, such odd ways of Courtship have been out of fashion ever since the Heroick Poets left off Rhyme; I'd rather have a Cobler for my Bed-fellow, than a Satyr, or Satyress; your Worship may be a Bull, if you please, a day time; but at night you must be a Man, or I shall fix a pair of Horns on your Head that will be very uneasie.

Willm. Well, no Man knows what he may be before he dies; but if I do wear Horns——

Clar. Ill hang my Maid's Petticoats upon 'em.

Willm. That may chance to raise an Itch in me, will be very troublesome.

Clar. O no Sir, if you are of so quick a Scent, to prevent all mischief, we'll muzzle you.

Mar. (*Aside*) How eagerly he views me! Surely he won'd look through me, which if he can, he'll find an Heart within my'd to his Love, and triumph in my weakness.

Ld. Good. Well, but Mr. *Fairly*, old Men love to enquire, and you Travellers often love to relate the Stories of your Travels, or shall we suspend our Curiosity till after Dinner, 'twill then serve instead of Musick, and crown our lusty Glasses.

Fair. My Lord, neither my Adventures, or Observations, were so curious, as necessary a Traveller is not to fill my Mouth, but enrich my Understanding; and took more care to know my self exactly, than the Countries I pass'd through.

Mar. Did you meet with no Rarities abroad, Sir?

Fair. None exceeding those I've seen at home, Madam.

Mar. They say the *Italian* Ladies are Fair to a Miracle.

Fair. They are indeed; but yet they must give the *English* leave to lead the way; I must confess I saw at *Venice* a perfect Beauty, as such esteem'd, to whom the Nobles su'd, and at whose Feet the Souldier, in the full pride

of

of all his Glorious Conquests, laid down his useless Arms, unable to defend him against the force of her Commanding Beauty: the Wealthy Merchant too acknowledg'd he had found a Jewel here at home, worth all his *Indies*; and the Scholar invok'd no other Goddess in his Verse, whose tuneful Notes sung nothing but her Praises.

Mar. What have I heard? O I am lost for ever! (*Aside.*)

Clar. I suppose Sir, after the Description you have given, to ask if you was smitten amongst the rest, wou'd be to question if you are a Man or no.

Fair. No, Madam, I cou'd safely look upon her, and view her in all her Glories; my Heart was gone before, the happy Subject of a far Nobler Conquest, nor wou'd I seek a Mistress out in *Italy*, who had left behind me here in *England* a Miracle worth all their boasted Saints; a Piece so Fair, so full of Excellency, that the bold Poets daring Fancy cou'd never form a sweeter.

Clar. There's for you Mr. *Willmot*, when will you speak such a Speech in Praise of your Mistress?

Willm. O Madam, I'm yet but a beginner, in time you may have me come to this and a great deal more, make Songs upon you shortly; nay, perhaps a Play or two, where you may expect to find your self an Empress at least.

Clar. You can promise well I know; but you Men in matters of Love, are like humour some Children, who cry for this or that Gewgaw for the present, but are scarce acquainted with it, before 'tis discarded, and then your Fancies are wholly bent on something else: don't I know you have the Name of the greatest Wanton in Town; don't all the World talk loudly of your Virtues?

Willm. Why, faith, Madam, I confess some People have been too busie with my Reputation; but you know they who dare believe what the World says, dare be mad; 'tis never in the right.

Clar. Well then, to disprove it, do but satisfie me, you can keep honest for one whole week together; I mean, so far as to conceal your Wanderings, do but be private in your sins, and I'll believe you.

Willm. A week, Madam, ay, if there were as many days in it as there are in a whole year.

Clar. But if I find you false——

Willm. Let all the School-boys in Town pill upon me.

Ld. Good. A desperate undertaking, Mr. *Willmot*; she'll have a close Eye upon you.

Willm. I dare her worst my Lord; phoo, I can live without eating so long as that upon occasion, and the Devil's in't, if I can't do t'other thing as well.

Clar. Both alike I believe.

Willm. The event will convince you.

Enter Bellfond.

Ld. Good. Mr. *Bellfond*, welcom; we want Sir *Simon* yet.

Bellf. No, my Lord, he is below with several other Gentlemen, that are come to pay their respects to your Lordship's Birth-day.

Ld. Good. The more the merrier, come Gallants let to Dinner; I'll there show you, what 'tis has made me count so many years, and teach you to live till you are all as old as I am.

Omnes

Omnes. We wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt omnes, præter* Marina.

Mar. What's this I feel thus rising in my Breast? Have I room there for any thing but Love? From whence then this new Guest? Is't Jealousie? jealous of whom? And why must I repine at his just Praises of anothers Beauty, since 'tis a Debt that's due to her deservings? But then he loves her, and is again belov'd; and all my Virgin-hopes must lye forever bury'd in despair.

Enter Fairly.

But see he's return'd; does then his Love, like mine, drive him to Solitudes? O tho' I esteem his presence dearer than these two Eyes with which I view him, yet I'll withdraw and hide my shame; for surely let me do what I can, my Tongue will prove a Traitor.

Fair. Peace to your Meditations, Madam; they must certainly be extraordinary that con'd entertain you thus alone.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, they were very melancholy; for I was thinking of an unhappy Maid deceiv'd in her first Love.

Fair. Unhappy indeed; for no disappointments are so heavy as those of Lovers: But who was he that cou'd deceive her?

Mar. One whom I may still allow blameless, because ignorant of her Passion; and therefore now Servant to another Lady, who, for ought I know, is preferable to my Friend in nothing but the possession of his Love.

Fair. And does she then admit of his Addresses?

Mar. There, Sir, indeed, you puzzle me; tho' I must confess he is so deserving, so full of Worth, that to think otherwise, wou'd be to think her most ingrateful: Too true, I fear for my Friend's Quiet, she does esteem him, who's therefore left to all the Miseries of a despairing Lover.

Fair. You speak a noble pity of her Sufferings; and I con'd almost wish my self wretched like her, to be thus pity'd by you: What say you, Madam; suppose you shou'd behold me in all the Torments of an hopeless Love, cou'd you let fall one sigh in pity of my Fate?

Mar. Believe me, Sir, so much I see in her the Miseries of unhappy Love, tho' you yourself were him whom I shou'd hate, the Cause of her Misfortunes; yet wou'd I bear more than a Stranger's share in all your Sufferings, and ne'er be wanting in my best Wishes for your Happiness.

Fair. I'm sure without 'em I shou'd never find it: but dare you rise no higher than to unprofitable Wishes for me? Do but look kindly on me, and I'll venture to ask for something more; Love, noble Love, to that I wou'd aspire, if all the Services my Youth can pay are able to deserve it; nay, do not frown, nor turn in anger from me: Indeed 'tis just you shou'd; for what have I can make me hope to merit such a Treasure? And yet Ambition never was thought a Crime in Love: Why was you made thus excellently fair, if Men must not admire you? A Paradise, where all the Sweets of Nature forever flourish, and each ravish'd Sense sits at an everlasting Feast; where no rude blasts of Lusts or Pride dare blow, but Innocence and Truth, sweet as the Arabian Winds, protect your Beauties.

Mar. aside. O why must my deceitful Tongue condemn those very words, which to my ravish'd Ears, strike far more sweet than Musick?

Fair. Had I the Eloquence of all Men in me, or cou'd in softest numbers court the Vertues, my base Tongue shou'd dwell upon your Praises, till time it self stood still, and weary Nature sunk down into Eternity; but as I am, I ne'er must hope to find Words equal to my Thoughts, or fit to beat the Message of my Mind.

Mar. Believe me, Sir, this is not noble in you to play thus with my weakness, and wound my Ears with the smooth Flatteries of your cunning Sex; therefore forgive me if I dare hear no more.

Fair. O stay one moment; for by just Heav'n I swear, if Heav'n that will strike dumb a perjur'd Tongue, I never did conceive one guilty Thought to wrong your Goodness: Cou'd you but look into my Breast, you there wou'd find Fire so chast, so holy, that *Hymen*'s Lamp can ne'er boast a purer: 'Tis true, your Love as yet I dare not hope for, till by my Services I have convinc'd you; yet give me leave to hope I may be happy.

Mar. aside.] I shou'd not grant; and yet I can't deny: Fantastick Honour, thou Enemy to Love, and Feaver of the Soul! Happy are they that want thee; whose Wills walk free, not fetter'd by a Tyrant, that bears a stubborn sway o'er every Passion. Instruct me Love, and sit upon my Tongue, that I may not deny or give too much. Sir, I must hear no more; your Words already have dy'd my Cheeks with Blushes: In them you'll find an Answer, better than what my Tongue can form. You're leave to hope for all that I dare give, or you can ask: I know I've said too much; but do not tax my Weakness.

Fair. No, may your Hatred be equal to my Love, and my Despair exceed 'em both, if the cold Hermit, who spends his tedious hours in holy Duties, has purer Thoughts of Heav'n than I of you: Heav'n's fairest Model, on this I print my Vows, the Emblem of my Love: O, I cou'd talk forever! Each part about you is such a perfect Beauty, that it gives ev'ry thing a Tongue to sing its Praises.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Dinner stays for your Ladyship.

Mar. It shall not long; Come, Sir, this fancy'd Love will lose it self in a full Glass or two of sparkling Wine.

Fair. No, Madam, never; that can feed on nothing
But your full Beauties: I'm your happy Guest;
And Love invites me to the noblest Feast. [*Exeunt* Fair *and* Mar. *Manet* Bet.

Betty. So I see, for all my Lady's reservedness, Mr. *Fairly* will find an easie Conquest: He's a true Soldier, I warrant him; he attacks with Vigor and Resolution: I hate those puny Lovers, that make a great Noise and to no purpose; they are all Powder, and no Shot. But who have we here? No new Guest surely.

Enter Alice *mask'd.*

Al. Save you, gentle Damosel; do you appertain to this House?

Betty. Hey day! gentle and appertain! Some Beggar surely by her Cant.

Al. If you are a retainer to this Family, I must stipulate with you for a small Court'sie.

Bet. A Gypsie, by my Maidenhead! This is the very Language of the Devil, (*aside.*) Thou'lt be burn'd for a Witch, my Life on't.

Al.

Al. And thou hang'd for a Thief, *Betty*. [*She unmasks.*

Betty, Murrain take you; Is't you! What Deeds of Darkneſs are you bound for, that you dare not ſhow your Face?

Al. Love, *Betty*; Love, the Soul of the Univerſe, and the great Buſineſs of our Creation. Here, carry this Letter to *Willmot*, and ſend *Bellfont* out hither. Nay, prithee be as private and quick as thou can'ſt. [*Exit* Betty.

One won'd think by her Conduct, my Lady did begin to be cloy'd with Mr. *Willmot*: If ſhe does not give him enough of her before Night, he has the heart of *Hercules*; But here comes *Bellfont*. Now to th'other part of my Errant.

Enter Bellfont.

Bell. I find a Debauch over-night, is often a Friend to a good ſtomach the next day: But to the Lady; if I can gueſs what buſineſs ſhe has with me, the Devil take me.

Al. Save you, Sir.

Bell. And you too, ſweet Miſtreſs, good handſome Shapes. [*Aſide.*

Al. I'm come from a Lady——

Bell. I'm very glad of it, if her Face be but anſwerable. [*Aſide.*

Al. That's moſt deſperately in Love——

Bell. With my ſweet Perſon; and a Tongue like a Cherubim. [*Aſide.*

Al. You're quick of apprehenſion, Sir: This Lady's ill Stars have plac'd her in the hands of a moſt ſevere Guardian, that has not a ſtricter eye over her Fortune than her Perſon.

Bell. And I'm to be th'adventurous Knight that is to releaſe her! I'm glad of it; I love a Miſtreſs that brings danger with her; it heightens our Imaginations, and makes us fall to in the end with a quicker Appetite.

Al. No, Sir: Love, like hers, is able to break through brazen Gates, and adamantine Locks: She has taken the danger of the Adventure upon her ſelf; all your buſineſs is to prepare to meet her.

Bell. But where, Child? Tell me where, and take this for thy Intelligence.

Al. You know the cloſe Arbour, at the lower end of my L. *Goodland*'s Grove?

Bell. As well as my own Thoughts. My Imagination's fir'd at it: We'll fancy it one of *Venus*'s ſilent Groves, where ſhe has entertain'd her luſty Soldier: The ſpreading Oaks ſhall cover us with their Shades, whoſe trembling Leaves ſhall whiſper Tales of Love: The yielding Earth, warm'd by our cloſe Embraces, ſhall feaſt our Senſes with new knots of Flowers, which ſhall in various Colours ſpring about us, ſweet as thy Lady's Breath, and ſparkling as her Eyes: Each little Bird at every melting Kiſs, ſhall eccho it round all the conſcious Grove; and when our Souls lye drown'd in mutual Pleaſures, great *Jove* himſelf ſhall gently ſmile upon us.

Al. 'Pray, Sir, preſerve your Raptures for a better occaſion.

Bell. Well admoniſh'd: But prithee, my dear Angel, what time will this Goddeſs appear?

Al. At Three, Sir, this Afternoon moſt exactly; perhaps ſhe may ſeem a little coy at firſt, to ſhow ſhe's a true Woman; but, Sir, you muſt put it home to her; you know ſhe does not come there for nothing.

Bell. And, 'faith, that's well remembred: but no more, I think I hear Company.

Al. Be true and ſecret.

Bell. As true as Light, and secret as Darkness. [*Exit* Alice.
So, now if I had *Willmot*'s Vow of Chastity upon me, what a fine condition were I in! But hold, here he comes; his Advice will be very necessary at present; for to speak the Truth, I have some scruples upon my Conscience.

Enter Willmot.

Willm. How, now, *Harry*? What, turn'd Flincher! How sullen thou look'st! Thou hast not got *Fairly*'s Distemper upon thee, I hope; hast thou?

Bell. No, 'Faith; and yet my Thoughts are at present upon a Woman.

Willm. Woman, Woman! Nothing but dear damn'd, bewitching Woman! How heavily won'd our Hours move without 'em? The Glass it self wou'd be both dull and needless, did it not raise our Spirits up to Love: But, prithee, what Woman is this?

Bell. I don't know. *Willm.* What's her Name? *Bell.* Why, 'Faith, not that neither. *Willm.* Where lives she? *Bell.* If I can tell, the Devil take me

Willm. Is she handsome or ugly?

Bell. I wish I knew; for in short, I never saw her in my Life.

Willm. Hey-day! Where the Devil hast thou been! Of all the contemplative Lovers I e'er saw, thou art absolutely the most absurd. Plague upon thee for keeping me so long about a Castle in the Air, that's here and there, and no where. Farewell, and pray Heaven to set thee in thy right Wits again; for at present I have but small hopes of thee.

Bell. Nay, prithee be not so hasty: Thou must know, *Frank*, that this very moment did I receive a Summons from an unknown Lady, to meet her at a certain Place upon a very pleasant Account. Now do I want thy Advice in this Matter: for to speak the Truth, for ought I know, this may be some ill-natur'd Devil, that has a Mind to betray me, and then prey upon my weakness.

Willm. Who was her Implement?

Bell. One that made no very ordinary appearance; only she was mask'd, and that heightens my Apprehensions.

Willm. Thou'rt a Fool: What Design can a Woman have but Love? Go, if thou'rt a Man.

Bell. Well, th'Devil himself can't promote Fornication more vigorously than thou do'st: But where art thou bound in such haste? To no Woman I hope?

Willm. Yes, 'Faith, *Harry*, I've a deal of Business upon my hands; two Bills to be answer'd before Night.

Bell. Why art thou mad! Dost thou remember thy Obligations to *Clarinda*!

Willm. Ay, and the Clause in it too: If I cou'd be private, it was to be of no force; and that Whore Master that has not the Art of Secresie, deserves to be castrated. *Bellf.* Well, thou'lt ne'er leave.

Willm. Away, reserve thy Speeches for thy *Lady*; preach Abstinence to her, and try if she'll hearken to thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE, *changes to my Lady* Barter's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Barter, *and* Alice.

Lady. Bar. THou'rt a trusty Wench: But art thou sure 'twas to be this Afternoon?

Al. Madam, I heard 'em this very Morning with my own Ears.

Lady. Bar. But if *Bellfont* shou'd know *Flavia* now?

Al.

Al. He has been here but twice since she came to Town; and I'm sure she 'scap'd his Eyes both times.

Lady *Bar.* Well, if I can have the grace to deny him, I know he'll be for falling to't most eagerly.

Al. Truly, Madam, if it were my Case, a kiss or two won'd reconcile all.

Lady *Bar.* Thou art a Fool, Wench, there is a time for all things; this hour for my revenge; there are enough in store for Love: O here he comes.

Enter Willmot *Singing.* { *And just as our Bliss began with a Kiss,*
He was dash'd with an ha, ha, ha ——— How dost thou, my dear Damnation?

Lady *Bar.* Oh, sick, Mr. *Willmot*; abominably sick.

Willm. And I was sent for to prescribe a Remedy; I have that will give you ease immediately: Nothing but a languishing fit of Love, occasion'd by too much fasting: Come, come, I have a Sovereign Remedy; by this, and this, I have.

Lady *Bar.* Out upon you, you make me worse; Inconstancy has tainted every thing about you; those kisses are not mine; I feel your Lips still glowing with a false Adulterate heat; another Goddess now claims all your Heart, and you are grown an Heretick in Love.

Will. Meer Enthusiasm this; the very Devil of Jealousie; and I'll lay it immediately, if thou'lt but come aside a little.

Lady *Bar.* Hold, hold, you are so fiery on a suddain; how will you be able to answer this to my Rival? Remember your Promise this morning; for shame, no Grace in you? But, cou'd I think that you, who have been pamper'd thus long with the dainties of the Town, cou'd take up at last with a fulsome Country Barn-door Fowl; a thing, that's come up on purpose to offer some ignorant Fool or other the leavings of the lusty Coach-man and Butler.

Willm. A pretty business this is like to be; whilst I'm mollifying my old Mistress, I shall lose my Assignation with my new one. (*Aside*) Why how angry you are at a piece of Innocent Courtship; can you think my Tongue Heart went together? A meer ragged Colt; so wild and skittish ———

Lady *Bar.* That, none but such a brisk young Fellow as your self, is able to tame her; I dare swear, no Man in *England* labours more industriously in his Generation, than you do.

Will. Were ever the precious minutes of Love so unaccountably lost? Mrs. *Alice*, your Company will be dispens'd with, for the present; Madam, give the word: Come, come, those Eyes are kind, tho' your Tongue has play'd the Tyrant.

Lady *Bar.* Well, I see you are irresistible; *Alice*, you may retire; but let us first have Mr. *Willmot*'s judgment of the Song I was so pleas'd with last night.

Will. Madam, I know 'tis excellent.

Lady *Bar.* What, before you have heard it?

Willm. You have, that's enough: for God's sake, Madam, Sir *Simon* may come home in the same time, and then, how shall we be answerable to our own Consciences, for the happy hours we have kiss'd away.

Lady *Bar.* No, no; my Lord and he don't usually part so soon. (Willmot *aside*) Alas, poor *Flavia*!

A SONG. in the Second Act, ſung by Mrs. *Knight*.

I.

O How you Proteſt, and ſolemnly Lye,
Look humble, and fawn like an Aſs!
I'm pleas'd I muſt own, whenever I ſee
A Lover that's brought to this paſs.
But keep farther off, y'are naughty I fear;
I vow I will never yield to't;
You ask me in vain, for never I ſwear,
I never, no never will do't.

II.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go;
No more of the Lover remains.
In haſte you depart, what e're we can do,
And ſtubbornly throw off your Chains:
Deſiſt then in time, let's hear on't no more;
I vow I will never yield to't;
You promiſe, in vain you adore;
I never, no never will do't.

Lady *Bar.* Well, Sir, how do you approve of it?

Willm. Extreamly well, Madam; only 'twas ſomething too long.

Lady *Bar.* She has another that's ſhorter, will you hear that?

Willm. No; if I do, may my Ears ſprout out, till they are as long as an Aſs's.

Sir Simon *without.*] Lady *Barter*, Lady *Barter*; where are you, Honey?

Lady *Bar.* O Heavens! I hear Sir *Simon*'s Voice; if he catches you, we are ruin'd: What will you do?

Willm. Do, Madam; what ſhall I do? 'Gad, I don't know what to do.

Lady *Bar.* There is but one way. *Alice*, go meet him, and detain him a little: Here, into this Cloſet, 'till he is gone; I know he won't ſtay long, an hour will be the moſt.

Will. (*Aſide*) An hour! That's an whole Age with me at preſent, if I durſt tell her as much. I can't have patience, Madam; let me fight my way out.

Lady *Bar.* Ha! By no means; in there, if you love me.

Willm. But, good Madam, diſpatch him as ſoon as you can, that I may make haſte and follow him: Was ever Cuckold ſo impertinent? (*Aſide.*)

Lady *Bar.* Leave me to deal with him. [*She locks him into her Cloſet.*

Enter Sir Simon, Alice, *and* Lawrence.

Sir Sim. *entering*] Huſſie, hold your Tongue; what care I, if my Lord Mayor had ſent to me; he is no Peer of the Realm, I hope: where's my Wife?

Lady *Bar.* Here, Sir *Simon*, who has anger'd you, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* No body, Honey; but honeſt *Lawrence* has brought me ſome Money, that's better: Now Lady mine, I'll give you leave to recover your laſt Wager, when you dare venture.

Lady *Bar.* Wager, Sir! I'll venture what you dare, that *Lawrence* has not kiſs'd one Wench, ſince he has been in the Country.

Sir Sim.

Sir *Sim.* In troth, thou art the merrieſt Thief always: but I'm ſure thou wou'dſt loſe; and therefore I won't lay.

Law. Indeed, but by your Worſhip's favour, ſhe ſhou'd not: I am too old for 'em; the Gypſies hate me worſe than hard labour; and to ſpeak the truth, I ſhan't ſue to them for a favour.

Sir *Sim.* Ah! Wou'd all the young Men were of thy mind; but, come, Madam, can you think of nothing elſe to loſe upon?

Lady *Bar.* I have another thing in my head; but it's ſo extravagant, you'll laugh at it.

Sir *Sim.* Out with it, if you dare, I'm for any humour at preſent.

Lady *Bar.* Well; then my laſt Locket of Diamonds to an equal Stake, you don't remember every thing belonging to an Houſe that's made of Iron? To help your Memory, you may write down all you can think on in my Table-Book; when you have done, return it me again, and in half an hours time; I'll either yield, or prove that you've loſt.

Sir *Sim.* Laugh, quothe; ay, till my ſides crack: but I'll reſerve my Mirth, till I have won the Wager.

Lady *Bar.* Have a care Sir, don't be too ſecure: there, begin when you pleaſe. *Alice*, what does *Wilmot* think of this now?

Al. Think, Madam? Were I in his Caſe, I ſhou'd cry my Eyes out for meer anger.

Lady *Bar.* Let him: before I have done, I'll ſo mortifie him, that were he in *Flavia's* Arms, he ſhou'd be as cold as a thing of fourſcore and ten.

Al. But ſee, Madam, how buſie my Maſter is; what can be your Ladyſhips meaning in this Wager?

Lady *Bar.* Any thing to detain my Husband; beſides, that firſt offer'd it ſelf; and if Sir *Simon's* Memory does not ſtrike too home, I have laid the foundations of another Scene that will be very diverting. Come, Sir, have you done?

Sir *Sim.* Done! Ay, and won too; the Inventory of a Smith's Shop, can't be more particular: Here, peruſe it, and by that time I return from my Lords, own that you have loſt.

Lady *Bar.* Be but a little patient, and this moment may decide it; who have you left there?

Sir *Sim.* A Company of honeſt Fellows, only they want Titles.

Lady *Bar.* Did *Wilmot* dine with you?

Sir *Sim.* Always enquiring after that Mount-Dragon; yes, he Din'd there, but hardly ſtay'd till the Grace-Cup; a wicked Fellow that ſame: *Lawrence*, I warrant, we have more Cuckolds in our City of his making, than Knights of the Kings; the Devil and he are ſharers in our Wives, one is contented with their Bodies, and t'other takes care of their Souls.

Lady *Bar.* Take heed, Sir, he may chance to hear you; for to ſpeak the truth, we have been together ever ſince Dinner, he's at this very preſent in the Houſe.

Sir *Sim.* Is he ſo, *Jezebel*? I'll have him hang'd then, for breaking into it; he'll give us a fine account as *Tyburn* of Whoring, and Sabbath breaking: Gadsbud, I ſmell him already; *Lawrence* thou muſt help me: Come come, tell me, where is he?

Lady *Bar.*

Lady *Bar.* Don't be in a fury then: you must know, that after I had Din'd, not expecting you home till night, and being unwilling to sit alone, I sent for him.

Sir *Sim.* A fine Woman's Companion he is, indeed!

Lady *Bar.* He came as I cou'd wish.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, Hell take him for it.

Lady *Bar.* And to be sincere, I found his Conversation so pleasant and charming, that I believe, had not you come in, we had not parted till Mid-night.

Sir *Sim.* Nor till to morrow Mid-night neither, nor this Month; theese twelve Months; No, nor till the Moon dropt Mill-stones: 'Sbud, had he been a Lord, I cou'd have born it; there is some Honour in being a Nobleman's Cuckold: But tell me where he is, 'Gad I'll slice him into ten thousand pieces, and every Cuckold in *London* shall have a bit as long as he'll hold out.

Lady *Bar.* Why, dear Sir *Simon*——

Sir *Sim.* Stand off, Adult'ress, thou smell'st rank of Harlot; I see my Horns plainly in thy Eyes: discover your Monster, or I'll pluck 'em out; they shall light no more lewd sinners to the deeds of darkness.

Lady *Bar.* Well then, since you won't be pacify'd, he's in my Closet.

Sir *Sim.* Is he so? I'll fetch him out I'll warrant him. *Alice*, fetch down my great Sword; how now, what have you lock'd him up? The Key, the Key?

Lady *Bar.* Nay, good my Dear, the Wager?

Sir *Sim.* Prithee hold thy Tongue, I've lost already what I shall never recover. A Cuckold! A Cut-purse! 'Zounds, I shall be sport for Poulters within theese two days; if she does not laugh at me, may I be a Chronicled Wittol.

Lady *Bar.* Laugh! Who that sees how credulous your jealousie is, can forbear? There, Sir, revise your Catalogue, and see if you can find a Key mention'd in it; a Key's made of Iron, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Mass, and she's in the right; I begin to cool again; no, no such thing: where's my Brains?

Lady *Bar.* Do you think, if I had been so impudent as to transgress, I shou'd have wanted cunning to conceal it? No, I perceiv'd I had won, and made use of this trick to let you know it: you may take the Key; but if you find any thing there, besides the *Practices of Piety*, *Dod* upon the Commandments, and two or three *Novels*, I'll be Carted for a Strumpet.

Sir *Sim.* Take it! No, I won't wrong thy Innocence so much, as to mistrust it; a merry Thief, *Lawrence*; I wou'd not for twice the worth of the Wager, but have lost; here Hussie, take it, all pure Gold; take it I say, and treat *Willmot* with it: Ha, ha, ha! I'm so pleas'd every foot she is frighting me thus. Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll pay you for this at night, the merry'st Jest, they shall certainly have it at my Lord's; one kiss, and then farewel. Come, *Lawrence*, you shall go with me, perhaps we may meet your Master Sir *Arthur* there. Allons, a Cuckold; ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Lady *Bar.* So; now *Alice*, I believe you may release your Prisoner, may, come Sir, what, afraid of your Mistress?

Enter Willmot.

Willm. Something apprehensive of your Wit, Madam: now han't I the Heart to be angry with thee.

Lady *Bar.*

Ly. B. Well, I think you are of being cur'd out help, Sir, and your body hold out think you, that every Cuckold might have a Wife.

Wilm. It won'd be hard to satisfie the Husbands I believe, but the Wives and I might agree upon easier terms.

Ly. B. Likely enough, nay come, here's a health now. Alice fetch me some Wine, and a dish of sweet-meats, [Exit Servant.] to stay for all the Spoons left on purpose.

Wilm. The Devil's in her I think; I shall never get rid of her.

Ly. B. Lord what's the matter with you? You was eager enough before, who squanders away the precious Minutes of Love now? Alice, you may retire if you please, but before lock the door after you.

Wilm. Her Kindness comes like a Miser's charity, when 'tis too late with a pox; what a delicious Morsel am I like to taste! Faith, my dear, I'm sorry I can stay no longer, but business ——

Ly. B. Business? What can you have business for?

Wilm. Nay absolutely quit chitty, but defer a little, that's all.

Ly. B. Nay but opportunity ——

Wilm. We shall have enough, farewel.

Ly. B. Pray stay a little, you are going to another Mistress now *Wilmot*.

Wilm. From me I am sure, I must be unkind this time. [*Exit Wilmot.*

Ly. B. Base unkindly thy sex, how would some Women storm now to be thus [illegible]? Base Men! our Sighs and Tears are spent in vain,

Neglected as I am, I'll ne'er complain. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene draws, and discovers Belfont *and* Flavia.

Bel. No more excuses Madam, they are both vain and useless; Love or Hate as much as to blow up the fire you'd quench. This hand that's softer far than Down or Roses, this yielding hand which could pretend for ever, declares you false and cruel to your Nature; Why then do you decline what you were made for, did you come here for this? Are these the Joys to which you invite me? Did you for this deceive the care of your too watchful Guardians? You should have left your foolish fears behind you, those fears that wrong you more than *Argus* could, with all his hundred Eyes set to observe you if you are so perverse ——

Fla. Sir, as you are a Man, and bear that Name ——

Bel. Come come you have fool'd too long.

Fla. Good Sir be kinder to me.

Self. Slander does Lovers hearts can rise, but ever were [illegible]

Fla. Dear Sir, low as the earth I bow me [illegible]

Self. [illegible]

Fla. By Heaven and all the Heavens Saints [illegible]

Self. Now do I hear a [illegible] impudence, to [illegible] I shall give but a lowzy account of this business to him, and yet I cannot, this must be more than counterfeit, confound the Devil, this fear me blisher, pride and the Pox still stick upon her, by Heaven she [illegible] in this which I must know: May Lady, my thoughts, they speak, my [illegible] let your tears [illegible] [illegible] thus I throw for ever from me, yet give me leave to think, though [illegible] you came to meet some other, that would have [illegible] blush not Lady, for I'll ne'er betray you, my tongue [illegible]

Fla. Let my tears thank you Sir, you speak a Nobleness that wants a name, and whate'er I can say will be too little; 'tis true I came to meet a Man, false and ungrateful, whose name Posterity will never find, but in the examples of a broken love, he has deceiv'd me, and I'll learn to hate him more than I ever lov'd him.

Self. Dull senseless Fool, to wrong such excellence and lose a Treasure Jove himself would sue for, I'm all o'fire again, to look upon her and not wish to enjoy her, is more than Man can do, and can'd you Madam, be thus monstrous kind to one whose worth can never claim one favour from you, and yet be so severe, so cruel to me, who cannot live but in your Love, look on me Lady, I can do as much in a fair Ladies service, as the most large pretenders, and be a constant servant to your pleasures.

Fla. Be Virtuous too, and I shall truly love you, [illegible] to the age behind us, made up bright Stories for the times that follow, shall not be [illegible] esteem'd, more honour'd by me.

Self. Very fine this, and I shall be a Saint, a good [illegible] Love will become me when we are old and [illegible] our youth is fond of, and lose our [illegible] [illegible] may practice come, why thou'd'st be then [illegible]

Fla. Consider what you'd make me, this hour I grant [illegible] you, what shall I be the next? When I have melted all my Virgin Chastity in the hot fire of Lust, the Plague it self will not be half so odious.

Self. Nay fie no more; indeed you make me fain to [illegible] [illegible] becomes you; to me you shall be very fair as an Angel.

C 3 *Fla.*

Ma. To you I may be so, but to me the eye of Justice deform'd and crooked.

Bal. Was ever Woman so perverse before? What Eye can see? What Tongue inform against us? Who is there that can know it?

Ma. Our Consciences they are Witnesses, no art can silence, no power restrain when once provokt, they'l strike harder than the rancour of envy, confirm'd Curse, thousand Women may be safe, ten thousand, and thank you too, Women who daily live in the full pride of Lust, and have out-run the Vices of all ages; why therefore shou'd you fear our discovering? I never wrong'd or heard one thought against you, be juster Sir, be more a man and know how nobly you dare stand.

Bal. If I but listen a little longer, she'l e'en perswade me I'm an Eunuch, and yet 'tis heaven to hear her speak.

Ma. 'Tis true indeed I came to meet a Lover, but not with one loose wanton thought about me, that Love which neither Fame nor Virtue finds reason never thought unchast, but you false Men, whose oaths are lighter than the Air receives 'em, have thrown it out of fashion. Why did I hope to find him Honest, who never knew what Faith or Honour meant.

Bal. Ha! I begin to smell the business, this must be one of *Widows* Adventurers, he first endeavour'd to get a couple to embark in, the Rogue has sprung a leak in the first, and so is disabl'd for any second service; your anger Madam does become you, 'tis he who cou'd be false to so much worth, can ne'er be over Wretched, give me his name, that for your sake, I may both scorn and hate him.

Ma. When I have nam'd him, I have mention'd all that's lewd and treacherous, a name all ancient Families must curse.

Bal. 'Tis done but that pamper'd Brute cou'd neglect such a delicate dish; I know him Madam, know him such a Gamester, such an high Flyer, hold base flows no pay, why dar'd you trust your self and all your fears to such a Terragant?

Ma. A Heady Waite's ne'er without a guard, he woou'd me oft to his unjust desires, but in such soft, fair winning terms, that tho' I scorn'd to be his Whore, I would have been the lawful partner of his Bed before the Soveraign Empress of the Universe, I heard of his Address to another, even then when he was courting me to all thats wicked, I fear'd to loose him, tho' in all appearance I ne'er cou'd hope to enjoy him lawfully, my fortune in the eye o'th' World, being much below his hopes, and therefore chose this way to let him know, that neither in Blood or Wealth I came behind my Rival; 'tis true I knew him bold and desperate, and cou'd not be too cautious of my Honour, which this shou'd have secured, had he once dar'd to offer violence; now Sir, if you e'er knew what the worth of Honour, or felt the fury of malicious Tongues, for once be more than Man and hide my shame.

Bal. Believe me Madam, so much my Tongue shall be from wronging what next Heaven I love, such goodness, that my own life shall not be dearer to me; who 'twas that sent me hither I can't conceive, but from my heart I thank 'em; I've found a Jewel equal to a Kingdom, and give me leave to wear you in my Soul, before the Seat of lust, but now enlightned with the bright beams of so much God-like Virtue, that Faith and Love ne'er found a seat more noble; here let me seat my Vows, the sincere vows of a new Convert.

Wild. Belfont a Lying for him, Wilmot *enters.*

Wilm. He must be on this Side. For Heaven's sake I was devilishly afraid of being taken up, for I hear they are all in the Garden. I'm glad I escaped so well as I did this time; had my Lady Modish been so complaisant as mine, I should not have left much here, and to walk her in the fine Gentleman would not be much to my Credit, as I take it. But what's that I see? Another Rogue got into my Saddle? Are all my Expectations come to this? How like a couple of wanton young Worms they look, that are lewdly clung together in a dewy Morning? But this shall out with em. [*Hastens to Bed, and runs up to Belf.*

Fl. Ah, hah, hah!

Wilm. Belfont!

Belf. Wilmot!

Wilm. How the Devil can'st thou here? Is this the Lady gave thee such a kind Invitation? False *Flavia.*

Fl. Ingrateful *Wilmot.*

Belf. Plague o' your lite head, what have you done, alarm'd the whole house so.

Wilm. Pox o' your hot blood, what have you done, lyen with my Mistress?

Belf. Hold your rude tongue, or this shall silence it: Had my Mother been half so honest, she had been a Saint e're now.

Fl. Thou art a Beast so much below my Anger, that I shall laugh at all thy impious tongue dares brandize with.

Belf. For God's sake, Madam, think timely what to do. I hear 'em coming, and if they find you here, tho' you are pure as Heaven, they'll think you black as Hell.

Fl. I'll retire, Sir, and put my honour to your Conduct. [*Exit Flavia.*

Wilm. A back door behind leads into my Aunt's Garden.

Wilm. A fine day's work this, two hopeful Intrigues come to nothing; and what's worse, *Clarinda* will find me false, and be a very Tyrant. Oons, had I but tasted the Fruit, I would never rise, but to have my teeth set on edge at the very sight on't does a little trouble me. Prithee *Harry*, did'st thou find her kind? Thou art much oblig'd to the advice my Coxcomb gave thee to.

Belf. For shame, have better Thoughts in thee; Truth it self is not streighter.

Wilm. That's likely: What did she come here for then?

Belf. That's a mystery thou shalt be hereafter acquainted with; but who sent me hither, unless 'twas the Devil himself, I can't imagine.

Wilm. One that will be a Devil in time, I believe, my Lady *Barter*, by this light it could be no other.

Belf. What, then I suppose she has been retaining your person in her Service the mean while.

Wilm. Ay, a Vengeance take her, she has so; but such another Adventure would make me abjure the Flesh more heartily than ever I follow'd it, and turn down right honest again.

Belf. It will become your Prudence.

Wilm.

Wilm. Such dire Visions, *Harry*; but prethee how do I look?

Self. Something Crest-fallen: But the, they're all coming, and my Lady *Barter* at the head of 'em, as I live.

Wilm. Confound her, now shall I be worri'd to death.

Enter Lady Barter, Lucy, Martina, and Betty.

L. Bar. It must be this way, Ladies, we are right I'm sure.

Wilm. aside. Ay, the Devil take you, you are so; my Mistress all up in Arms against me, and I not one Eye ready for my Defence.

L. B. Look ye Ladies, here's a Gentleman I believe, can give us a better account of the Quarry: What say you, Mr. *Wilmot*?

Cl. Mr. *Wilmot* here! I thought you had been at t'other end of the Town, paying some Money, Sir.

Wilm. Why faith, Madam, I went with that design; but upon the fall of Guineas the Party was in an ill humour, and would not receive it.

L. B. Unkindly done indeed; make you leave your Mistris, and to no purpose: They should stay long enough if I was you.

Wilm. As long as a peevish humour'some Mistress that had disappointed her Lover, and all the tenders of his Service: 'sdeath she'll betray all presently.

Self. Hist you, Madam, 'twas a fine Errand you sent me on; no more disturbance to Mistris? I'm a Man of Honour. [*aside to L.* Barter.

L. B. Nay, I knew I should deserve your Thanks.

Self. Which I want words to pay.

Wilm. The Devil plot you: I hate a mischievous Mistris.

L. B. And a Cormorant Lover, that flies at all without any mercy.

Cl. But all the while, where can this Lady be? *Betty*, let's go seek her; for I must know who she is. [*aside to Betty.*

Bet. I'll follow your Ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

Wilm. No Pity in you, Madam? You may make up all yet if you please: So severe a Penhance for one fault?

L. B. Do you feel it, Sir, are you sensible of it? This 'tis to be such a covetous Gamester, to venture so many Stakes at once: Is it come home to you at last? What, rise hungry from a full Feast, meerly because your mouth water'd at an idle bit in a corner.

Wilm. I confess my fault, and own you have been too hard for me.

L. B. Well, I see you are penitent, and have done.

Enter Lord Gobbiland, *Sir* Sim. *Sir* Arthur, *and* Bailiff.

Lord Gob. O here they are! *Martina*, where's your Cousin?

Mar. On the other side of the Grove, my Lord.

Sir Sim. How now, Bully, what, naked amongst the Ladies? For shame, for shame; why this Sword drawn, Man?

Wilm. To prick your Coxcomb with, if you are impertinent. 'Sdeath, these are come in for a Reserve: There's nothing so odious to a disappointed Whoremaster, as a fantastical Cuckold. [*aside.*

Sir Sim. Prethee why so passionate, Man? I must laugh at a pretty Fancy comes

comes into my hand. Thou hast a countenance like the Image of the Woods.

Wilm. And you like the Shell of that Fruit, Swallowing Gentlemen. *[aside.*

Sir Arch. Why Frank, thou art as melancholy as a Calf.

Wilm. And you as stupid and dirty as an Ass.

Ward. Thou art not merry, Man, are you sick?

Wilm. I shall be anon, if I stay much longer; but a little longer.

Bell. Prithee be more complaisant.

Mar. Why, how would you have a Gentleman behave himself, that is caught upon suspicion, and, as ill luck would have it, by his own Mistrisse?

Sir Sim. Great pity you had no Glister to run into. Nay, thereby hangs a Tale, and I must hang——But you must expect your Sins to come home to you by degrees; you young Fellows that live like Mice on others Meat, must be caught in the Trap sometime or other.

Enter Clarinda *and* Betty.

Bet. I'm sure it must be so, Madam.

Clar. I'll plague him sure.

Wilm. Sir *Arabus*, here's a Lady I must present you to; you'll know her when you see her.

Sir Arch. Death, Hell, and Damnation; I had rather be Master of my Great-grandmother: Now will that ill-natur'd Dog betray all, and I shall be be banded about like a Tennis-ball, toss'd in a Blanket, it may be, before I get off. *[aside.*

Sir Sim. O, here's your Mistriss, *Wilmot*, stick to her, Man, that's more you to be honest: you have a pretty piece to deal with, Master, that will make a good Husband; for surely he that has such a love for other mens Wives, must have more than an ordinary affection for his own.

Cl. I find, Sir, the Maids can guess much upon occasion, as well as the Lovers; he shoots at all Marks; their Tree can't escape, expecting it within these two hours.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, some Gentlemen without expect your Lordship.

L. Bad. Very well: They are return'd. Come Sir *Simon*, another Glass; 'twill make us sleep the sounder. Gentlemen, one Bottle will do us no hurt.

Bell. We'll follow your Lordship.

L. B. Come, Mr. *Wilmot*, what think you of a Song?

Wilm. I have had Singing to day already, enough to put me out of Tune for this month.

Sir *A.* Gallants, shall I propose one made by a Gentleman here present, in honour of a Lady in the company?

Mar. That will be very proper indeed Sir *Arabus*, we shall be all oblig'd to you.

Sir *A.* Come then, *Fairly*, you know best how to guess your own Works.

Fair. What means the Booby?

Sir *A.* The Song you made at *Bruffels* was: *Mistress fy prate, fy prate, and fy chitty*; you Sung it to the company when the fat Spanish Officers drank above Full

Rummers to her mother Lip, and she sips of her left Ear.

Fair. You observ'd the Fool's quarrel.

Mer. Ay what I fear'd, I find all men alike; one look's enough to blast our Reputation, and make us sport for Heaven and Damnation. (*aside.*) I know not, Sir, in what I have encourag'd your pretences such a bold assurance, or wherein it must my unhappy Name be the Companion of all your mistakes, Oaths and lewd Debaucheries?

Fair. But hear me Madam——

Mer. No, I have heard too much already. [*Exit.*

Fair. If thou wer't not a fool, beneath my anger, I'd beat thee.

Sir A. I can't find what reason she has to be angry, unless she is jealous of her own praises.

Bal. Follow her man, one word or two will recover all, these little quarrels nourish Love, make it more strong and lasting.

L. B. 'Tis but a shower i'th' Heat drops in Summer, that vanish as they fall.

Fair. I'll try my fortune. [*Exit.*

Clar. Now I'm of a quite different opinion; quarrelling to beget love is like spending high to become rich.

Wilm. On t'other, Madam, perpetual Peace is like a constant Sun, it scorches up whatsoe'er it should feed and ripen; some angry minutes now and then preserve, as Spring showers render it brisk and lively.

Enter Alice.

Al. Madam, my Master's Brusher has fine fun for him to *Hampstead*, but he must speak with you before he goes.

Wilm. This is as I cou'd wish; done and ly'd above to Night after all this day's Villanies. (*aside to L. Bates.*

L. B. Why, wou'd you be my Gentleman?

Wilm. I know I don't deserve that favour, but ——

L. B. You have a Fool to deal with; Well, let me have the Serenade you so long promis'd, and then——

Wilm. That shall make us all on fire. [*Exit L. Bates.*

Clar. But I shall cool you if my Wits fail me not. (*aside.*

Enter Fairly.

Sir A. Here comes *Fairly* again with War in his face; I wish I was well rid of him.

Fair. 'Tis all to no purpose, I may as well endeavour to smooth the face o'th' Sea, when the Winds rise highest, to calm her anger.

Clar. Mr. *Fairly*, I assure ye, truly, this is only a qualm of Conscience, a slight perturbation that her Honour is touch'd; she'll sleep it off in a Night or two.

Fair. I wish it were no more.

Clar. You'll find it nothing else. I have that in my head shall convince you; Sir *Andrew* shall do it, I'll put him on to Court her, the very thought of such a Lover will disarm her anger.

Fa. Any thing, Madam, in reason, but [illegible]

Cl. Nay, no exceptions upon Love: [illegible] Wine and Velvet, and leave me to manage the Knight.

Fa. You shall command me, Cousin, Madam. Wine is the best Physick for a Love-sick heart; [illegible] Love [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] follow.

Wine. A good proposal, Madam, shall I be your Squire?

Cl. No, no good Sir, follow your Commander-in-chief, may help to lead you home if you get drunk soon.

Wine. I shall be very loving then.

Cl. A good quality in a Drunkard. [illegible] *Ru, Wine, Bel* and *Fairly* Hold, Sir *Arthur*, I have a word or two for your Ear.

Sir *Ar.* I thought as much, that treacherous Dog has discover'd all: Madam, I beg your Pardon heartily; I must be submissive. (*aside.*

Cl. For what, Sir, I know nothing you have done, stands in need of it?

Sir *Ar.* That deserves it you mean, Madam; I own I was to blame, but before my Tongue shall be guilty of such another fault, I'll bite it off, and lay the bold offender at your feet.

Cl. O, is that all? No fault at all Sir *Arthur*, it may turn much to your advantage, if you are wise.

Sir *Ar.* How's this? I have heard, indeed, the best way to creep into a Woman's favour was to talk bawdy in her face, but always tell bawdy Stories of her behind her back? wou'd do, I never found before.

Cl. Why, but Sir *Arthur*, so contemplative in a Ladies company?

Sir *Ar.* 'Tis so, she's fond of me already. (*aside.*) A little mistaking your Ladiships good Nature, that's all.

Cl. You shall say you have reason, if you'll lend me your Ear a little.

Sir *A.* Adsbud, and my heart too.

Cl. Dare you venture any thing for a fair Lady?

Sir *A.* Dare I lye with a fair Lady?

Cl. What think you of my Cozen *Marian*?

Sir *A.* Not amiss, Madam, though there are others at present Nameless that I think her equals. Pretty Soul, how cunningly she agrees. I must help her forward a little. (*aside.*

Cl. Not many, Sir: What wou'd you do to be possess'd of all her love can give?

Sir *A.* More for what somebody else can give: What an odd way she has got to try me. (*aside.*

Cl. The Fool's mad surely, I must be plainer with him: You know, Sir *Arthur*, by those words you let fall but now, you have made an everlasting breach 'twixt her and *Fairly*, if you are the man she Wou'd have you to be, you will not lose so favourable an opportunity. Ply her in private, and win her to your self; her Anger, and your own Merits will plead irresistible for you: 'Tis a Friend's advice, and if you are wise you'll take it.

Sir *A.* Hum: What a blunder was I like to have committed, it's not so well as I thought, and yet 'tis better than I expected too. Madam, the Counsel of the Wife must not be rejected, as such I look on yours, and will inoffensively follow it.

C

Cl. I secure you you'll succeed as you deserve.

Sir *A.* Madam, I have lie'd too long to doubt it, but the rawness of the Evening begins to be a little dangerous, will your Ladiship honour me with your hand in?

Cl. I'll follow you, Sir; I have a word or two for my Maid first. [*Ex. Sir* A.] This will work her, or I'm mistaken, and make her fret out that melty humour. But now for my own business: Betty, hast thou got the Clothes ready I borrow'd yesterday at my Lady Courtly's, with the Hat and Cravat?

Bet. Yes Madam; but what your Ladiship designs to do with 'em, I can't imagine.

Cl. More than I have time to acquaint thee with at present: And will *Flavia* come say'st thou?

Bet. She will, Madam, and will stick at nothing your Ladyship can think of to plague Mr. *Wilmot*.

Cl. That's well; come in, and help to dress me, I shall be but a Bungler. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Wilmot *and a Servant, with some Musick.*

Wil. Three Gentlemen, this is the Window; some brisk wanton Air or other, to quicken her Imagination; and then the Song I gave you.

SONG Written by Mr. *D'Urfey*.

I.

'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town,
In the misty time of Year when the Grass was down,
Young Jocky with wife go
Said to Jenny, mocking sly,
Let us lie a little Dear, and gramble,
The Morning fly.
He long had courted the black brown Maid;
But Jocky was a Wag, and wou'd ne're consent to wed;
Which make her sigh and shoe,
And cry to make her do;
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

II.

He told her, Marriage was grown a mere Joke,
And that none wedded now but the Scoundrel Folk:
Yet, my Dear, thou should'st prevail,
But I know not what I ail;
I shall dream of Clegs and silly Dogs
With Bottles at their Tails.
But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air.

If thou wer't willing, pish, and then
And cry it, no'r shall do.
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to.

I. I. L.

Then call for me Trinkets, cry I for't, I believe so,
But ah, what is woman worth, gone, gone, Penny gone?
I borrow'd yesterday,
All my Masters Treasure's gone,
I must go to London Town;
And roar and rant, and drink and fight,
And lye for half a Crown;
Each drunken Bully ablige for me,
And earn an honest Living in villanous way.
Nay my, it never shall do,
For a Wife I'll be to you.

Or *I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to.*

Wilm. There, Sirs, let this express my Thanks. [*Exeunt Mus.*

L. Bar. in the Balcony. Who's there, Mr. *Wilmot*?

Wilm. The very same, my dear Temptation; be quick, if thou loveſt me.

L. B. I'll ſee if the Family is ſecure, and then down to you immediately. [*Exit.*

Wilm. Do ſo, and I'll thank you when I'm gone in. So now Quicksett hope to mortifie me. *Roger*, I have no farther Service for thee now; I am glad thou dog'dſt Sir *Arthur* ſo happily, the Diſcovery may be of uſe in time; you bid the Coachman drive home, I hope.

Rog. Yes and pleaſe your Worſhip, an hour ſince.

Enter Clarinda *in Man's Cloaths, with Muſick, They place themſelves under the Lady's Window.*

Cl. O, There he is; how like a Thief he looks! Come begin; and if he dares touch you, be ſure roar loud enough to alarm the whole houſe.

Wilm. Ha, What's here, my Fidlers come back again? As I live, a new Covey, and a Rival; by this hand, a young ſmock-fac'd Rival. *Roger*, lend me thy Cudgel, I ſhall break their Cats-guts, and ſpoil their Muſick.

[*as they are going to ſtrike up, he falls in amongſt 'em.*

1 *Muſ.* Oh, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd.

Wilm. What do you do here then, you Sleep-murderers? you that are good for nothing, but to raiſe the Husbands, when honeſter Men are in private with their Wives: Take that amongſt you. [*beats 'em.*

Omnes. Murder, Murder, for God ſake help, good people, Murder.

Wilm. Sdeath, they'll raiſe the Family, and I ſhan't be able to get in theſe two hours: Go, walk off, and be thankful.

Cl. Hold, Sir, turn your fury this way; here's one able to oppoſe you with a nobler Weapon than that your Cowardice has made uſe of.

Wilm. Why, who have we here, Monſieur *Lawrit*? Prithee Child, put up thy Sword; thou wilt cut thy fingers with it.

Cark.

Clar. Your Throat, Sir, rather, if you are so unmannerly.

Wilm. Why, thou dar'st not fight.

Cl. Follow, and try me.

Wilm. Prithee, consider first, a small scratch in thy Face wou'd break thy Heart; and thou'dst thou ever come under the Surgeons hands, the very smell of their Oyntments wou'd choak thee.

Cl. Come, come, Sir; this is no fit time or place to talk in: If you are the Man you wou'd be thought, shew it; the Moon shines favourably upon us, and will direct our Swords.

Wilm. Well, go on; I'll whip thee into a better humour before I have done. I'll first correct my Rival, and then for my Mistress.

Alice in the Balcony. Hist! hist! Mr. *Wilm.*

Wilm. Go forwards, Sir, I have but a Word or two to exchange here, and I'll o'retake you.

Cl. This is as I cou'd wish. (*aside.*) At the corner of the Street there I'll expect you. [*Exit.*

Wilm. I'll be with you in a moment.

What have you done, Sir? All the house is rais'd at the noise you have made: My Mistris is afraid you have had some Quarrel.

Wilm. No, no, nothing at all, Mrs. *Alice*; by that time you have compos'd the Family again, I'll return.

Al. But you'll be long.

Wilm. Not for the World.

Al. Are you sure there is no quarrel: My Mistris heard Murder cry'd out.

Wilm. None upon my honour; only some drunken Footmen had a mind to alarm the Watch.

Al. Well, you'll remember.

Wilm. I'll be e're think more else. (*Exit* Alice.)

I begin most dismally to suspect I shall have no better fortune in the night, than I had in the day-time: Those little twinckling Stars are all against me. I wish this young Rascal had been in one of his Fidler's Cases, before he came hither; he's little enough, I'm sure. *Roger*, thou may'st go home now, if thou wilt; though I have two Combats to be engag'd in, neither of 'em requires a Second. How now! nothing but Hobgoblins stirring this Night?

[*Exit Roger.*

Enter Clar. *in her own Cloaths, and* Flavia *in Man's.*

Cl. Be but resolute, and it's impossible he should know you.

Fl. But shou'd he draw upon me, I have a natural Aversion to a naked Sword.

Cl. O, I have that will secure us, I warrant him.

Wilm. By this night, this bawdy night, ill favour'd night, my own natural Mistris, and another young smooth fac'd Sinner: How sweet she is upon him too: Hell and the Devil.

Cl. Now is our time. But cou'd you be thus wondrous kind, all I could comes short of a Reward.

Wilm. What shall I do? My young fighting Gamester must stay a little, if he has the courage he pretends, 'twill strengthen his patience.

Fl. Madam, I bear no Mercenary mind, I shall be more than paid in the possession of your love.

Wilm. Which you must never hope for, young Gentleman, whilst I wear this!

Cl. Mr. *Wilmot*! luckily met, you may do us a kindness, for this Gentleman, an old acquaintance of mine, and my self, are in great want of a Lodging for this Night; My Unkles House I dare not make use of at present, for some reasons you shall know hereafter: Can you advise us to any convenient place?

Wilm. Yes, Madam, the Round-House, the fittest place for Night-Walkers; unkind *Clarinda*.

Cl. Uncivil *Wilmot*, farewel, Sir, if you are so surly.

Wilm. Nay, but one word more; Who may this little Squire be?

Fl. She has told you, Sir, already, one that is proud of nothing so much as her friendship, the noblest friendship Love; my Title to which I would not forfeit for all the World can give me.

Wilm. 'sdeath! this is a Twin Brother to my former Jackanapes. Very fine, Madam; and for what does your Ladiship design me? Your Boy, Service. This is to be the feeble Animal your Husband, and I that noble Creature your Gallant. I like your choice well, you Women oftentimes deal by your Lovers as your Clothes, any thing will serve at Night, but in the day time are in fits is at a loss to please you.

Fl. This is a Language, Sir, I am not us'd to, therefore forbear, or I have that shall make you.

Wilm. With all my heart, for know, Sir, she's my Mistress, and you shall win her before you wear her: Come Sir, when you please, I'll fight on this score tho' 'twere in the Church. [*Draws*.

Fl. Now, Madam, or all will be discover'd.

Cl. Hold, Sir, you had best, you see I've got a weapon will strike as fire as yours, and I dare use it; I'll give occasion to no Midnight quarrels, to morrow—— (*Pulls out a Pistol*.

Wilm. Yes, to morrow his Fears will have convey'd him far enough from my Sword.

Cl. Secure us both till then.

Wilm. Ha, but where?

Cl. In your own Lodgings.

Wilm. How am I perplex'd? If I go with these I shall miss my other Spit-fire; and what is worse, disappoint my Lady. (*aside*.

Cl. Nay, come Sir, conclude on something quickly.

Wilm. All the Devils in Hell are at work to Night to plague me. Madam, my Necessities require me abroad.

Fl. Lend us your Key then.

Wilm. Yes, Sir *Bevis*, lend you a Bed to lye with my Mistress in.

Fl. I have warn'd you of that Name, Sir, once before, but to satisfie you, I swear——

Wilm. But who shall believe you, you young treacherous Dog?

Fl. You may, Sir; we'll never do our Loves such wrong to over-run our fortunes, or taste one Joy before the Warrant of the Church has made it Lawful;

May I ne'r anſwer the expectation of a longing Virgin; may ſhe ſtill find me weak and unable, as if Nature had deſign'd me for a Woman——

Wilm. The Rogue profeſſes fairly, but I ſhall be never the more ſecure of you then, you may give me the ſlip before morning.

Cl. No, if I do, may my dear friend, whom equal to my life I love, elect all my hopes and wiſhes, prove a meer Woman.

Wilm. Well, whether I will or no, I muſt believe you; you know my Lodgings.

Cl. My Lady *Courtly's*.

Wilm. This Key will open a paſſage by the Garden that will lead you to my Chambers, you'll find two Beds there, if you are not afraid to lye alone.

Fl. Truth to our honeſty's.

Wilm. For the preſent I'm in haſte, I'll catch you——

Fl. Leave nothing of a Man about me; farewel Sir; (*Exit* Wilmot.) Ha, ha, ha; I proteſt, Madam, I was once afraid he'd have gone home with you.

Cl. No, Girl, I had ſecur'd him for that, his Honour was engag'd, beſides his aſſignation with my Lady, which will end much to his ſatisfaction if *Betty* has done her duty.

Fl. I warrant ſhe has, I gave her her Leſſon, and ſhe went to work very heartily.

Cl. Well, let us be moving, for when he finds he has loſt his Antagoniſt he'll return in a fury.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wilmot.

Wilm. 'Tis as I fear'd, that young Raſcal has given me the ſlip; but hang him, for this Night I'll loſe the thoughts of him: Now for my old Sign. (*He whiſtles.*

Enter Alice.

Al. In Sir, quickly, you know the Bedchamber; my Lady will be with you in a moment.

Wilm. Here's for thee, my pretty *Iris*, I have a better Toy for thy Mrs. *Juno*, pray Heaven ſhe does not prove a Cloud again, and deceive me.

Al. Nay, Sir, be quick and ſilent as you can; Sir *Arthur* is ſtill abroad, and will come in this way I believe. (*Exit* Wilmot.) So, when ſhou'd I have got ſo much under an honeſt Lady. I wonder, this Gentleman loves his Pleaſures well, I believe, he always pays ſo heartily for them; he's no true Knight Errant tho', he never brings his Squire with him, that ſhou'd be entertaining his Damſel, whilſt he is civil to the Lady.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir S. How now, Huſſy, what makes you up ſo late? and at the Door too? ſome Roguery or other I warrant.

Al. O Heavens, my Maſter!

Enter L. Barter.

L. B. Well, *Alice*, is the dear man come? Bleſs my Eyes! what have we here? My Husband come home? (*Aſide.*

Sir *S.* Ay, marry is he, and 'tis well for him too, for he might have had Horns as big as the Bull of *Basan* this before-noon: Nay, Mutters, fit the foot and that shall fetch you back. What dear Man was this?——— But hold, the Street is no proper place for my Enquiries, I'll defer them till I am gotin; follow me both. Nay, Gentlewoman, I say I'll lead the way. *(Exit*

M. Madam, What's to be done? Here's your Bed-chamber. Sir Simon,

L. B. Why, I find that Devil Wit has left me at my greatest extremity.

(Exeunt.

Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, and Wilmot *in it.*

Wilm. I wish she'd come once. 'tis something melancholy sitting in the dark; I am as impatient as if I had never enjoy'd her, and yet *Clarinda* will not out of my thoughts; surely she can't be what she appears? O I hear her coming. *(Enter Sir* Simon *L.* Barter.] My Dear, I hope the Night, a constant friend to Lovers——

[*As Sir* Simon *enters,* Wilmot *mistaking him for the Lady runs to embrace him, the Lady shrieks out, and Sir* Simon *lays first upon* Wilmot, *and then upon his Wife.*

Wilm. By all my hopes, the nauseous Cuckold! *(aside.*

Sir *S.* Unbutton'd! and ready for the Engagement! I have jested to a fine purpose; Good Sir, never fret for the matter, all shall be mended the next time. I own I am a Cuckold; nay, 'tis impossible I should be otherwise, for what can an Old man, with an handsom Wife, expect else: Here's one as much disappointed as your self. Well, *Alice*, is the dear Man come? O how the flesh itch'd then! And you are well acquainted with my Wives Bed-chamber: You can grope out your way in the dark, I warrant him, or any Cuckolds Chamber in *London*. O that Fornicating Nose, that smells out an hot Lady as a Dog does a proud Bitch!

Enter Alice.

Al. Now for the honour of my Function. *(aside.)* O, Sir, are you here? I have been looking all over the House for you.

Sir *S.* Have you so Mrs. Bawd, his experience needs none of your assistance, he knows his way himself you see.

Al. For Godsake, Sir, don't speak so loud, 'tis Mr. *Wilmot*.

Sir *S.* Not speak? Marry but I will, that all the Town may hear me as loud as Bow-Bell, if possibly, and ring a warning to all feeble Husbands, and superannuated Batchellors.

Al. Lord, Sir, you'll break the head of the best design that ever was laid, Mr. *Wilmot*, and a certain Lady in the House, will have reason to curse you.

Sir Sim. Ay, so I hope they will, e'er I have done with 'em.

Alice. Why good Sir, neither of 'em never wrong'd you.

Ly. Barter. aside.] What can her meaning be in this?

Sir *Sim.* No no, Cuckoldom is no wrong indeed, a Blessing, a very Blessing, all Cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alice. Good Sir, be patient, and don't disappoint 'em thus.

Sir *Sim.* Art not thou an impudent, unconscionable Quean? wou'dst thou have me look on whilst he lies with my Wife? I must confess he is an able Artist,

tiſt, and might teach me the knack of pleaſing her too; but Huſſy go you to the fore-dore, bawl out Murder as loud as you can, raiſe the Conſtable and his Watch, and bring 'em hither. Sir I ſhall hamper you, and provide another ſort of lodging for you, than what you expected.

Wilm. Hold Sir *Simon*, I wear a Sword, and can right my ſelf; let her ſtir one ſtep on that deſign, and this Minute ſhall be your laſt.

Sir *Sim.* So; the right humour of an Whore-maſter, firſt lie with the Wife, and then beat the Husband.

Alice. How ſorry will you be Sir, when you find what an injury you have done my Lady, you know Mr. *Wilmot* has along time apply'd himſelf to Madam *Flavia*, 'twas with her he was caught to day in the Grove, being diſappointed there, he had a mind to try his fortune to night; I by her conſent was to let him in, I did ſo, directed him to her chamber, but fearing he might looſe himſelf in the dark, was willing to be his Guide; that made me ſo eager to get before your Worſhip, to prevent this very miſtake, which has ſo unhappily diſcompoſ'd you.

Sir *Sim.* Hum, ſhe'd never be ſo confident, if this was a lye, but what dear Man was that you enquired after, Wife? I won'd fain know that.

La. B. Who ſhou'd it be but Sir *Arthur*, who is abroad at this unſeaſonable time of night, and for ought I know may have met with ſome miſchance or other, the thoughts of which won'd not let me ſleep.

Sir *Sim.* I doubt I have been too blame, this is the appearance of truth and honeſty, why cou'd not I know this before?

Alice. Still as I was going to ſpeak Sir, your impatience interrupted me.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Wilmot*, I'm ſorry for the injury I have done you, and to make you ſome amends, I wiſh you good ſucceſs; I hope you'll be too cunning for my Landlady, ſhe was villifying honour and quality with a pox t'other day, pray do you take a little pains with her Neece, and ſtamp an honourable Title upon her.

Wilm. I'll do my beſt Sir; inſenſible Brute how eaſily they gull him. [*aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Your pardon my dear, I'll beg in bed, where I ſhall with more eaſe obtain it.

For tho' moſt Wives in fury ſpend the day,
Approaching night bears all in miſts away;
The yielding Bed diſarms their rage, you ne'er
Shall find one Woman can be angry there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly.

Fair. FAith *Frank* thou must pardon me, for tho' my own circumstances will scarce admit of any mirth, I must laugh a little.

Wilm. 'Tis fit thou shou'dst; nay I can scarce forbear laughing my self, and yet take heed *Ned*, I may be chance to be angry, very angry, a little provocation will make me quarrel with the best Friend I have.

Fair. Indeed you are rightly serv'd; never take warning, this 'tis to live at random, learn to be honest o' God's name, and live as becomes a Christian.

Wilm. Hold Sir, tho' I give you leave to be merry, I can't allow you to be grave upon my misfortunes, live honest as becomes a Christian; pox o' your morality, thou art certainly cut out for a dull Husband, and art consequently a predestinated Cukold; so from henceforth I proclaim open War to the whole Sex, and am firmly resolv'd, to Defame, Ravish and Debauch, every thing that bears the likeness of Woman, those that pretend to a great deal of Honour, and have but very little Beauty; I'll tickle all their Blood itches, bawk 'em my self, and then turn 'em out to my Footmen; the handsom ones that won't be thought great Fortunes, and are catching at rich Husbands, I'll first promise Marriage to, then Whore, and afterwards hire some lewd Lampooner to tell the Town on't; the Wives I'll first lie with, and then betray 'em to their Husbands; the Virgins that are Honest and are proud on't, I'll maintain to be Hypocrites, and perswade the World that the worst of Whores, who are not Honest, nor wou'd be thought so, have more Honour than they.

Fair. A desperate resolution, I confess, and yet the next handsom face thou see'st will make the relapse.

Wilm. No, the Horse-pox take me if it does, but still my little Hector does not appear; I am sorry I mist him so unluckily last night: If he uses his Sword no better than he does his Pen, I am like to have an easy Conquest, I have received many a Billet-doux writ in a better hand than this Challenge.

Fair. Well, if there is any mischief done this morning, and I chance to fall into this Honourable quarrel of thine, tell *Marina* I die hers in spight of all her anger, which in few days wou'd have done the work of my Enemies Sword.

Wilm. Tell her a pudding, I'll tell her thou di'dst as a Man should, with a Curse in thy mouth against the whole Sex; S'life 'tis nothing but our fear that maincains their pride and Stubbornness; are they not our Slaves by Nature? why then must we slavishly sue to them, for what we can command, and they themselves upon their knees wou'd offer, if we cou'd but learn to despise and neglect 'em.

Fair.

Fair. Thou talk'st like a loving Gamester; but to thy Guard, *Frank*, the Enemy approaches, now shew how manfully thou dar'st stand, here's one will put thee to thy worst.

Enter Clarinda *Masqu.*

Wilm. She has not much war in her heart I believe, She keeps her Sword in the Scabbard; good morrow pretty Mistress, whither so early this Morning.

Cla. To gather Primroses and Daizies for my sweet heart, farewel.

Wilm. Short and quick, and yet she seems to be none of the wisest, one word more Lady.

Cla. O Sir, I dare stay no longer, my Mother will be angry with me.

Wilm. And where does thy Mother live, sweet-heart?

Cla. In a Glass-house, upon the top of the Iron Mountain in *Greenland*.

Wilm. And she has sent thee into *England* of an Errant, pox on her, we had Fools enough here before, but why dost thou hide thy face?

Cla. To keep it from the Flies forsooth.

Fair. Prithee *Frank*, let her alone, 'tis some *Bedlam* Fool or other.

Clar. Did you see my true love, pretty Gentleman? I believe you are he.

Wilm. No, the Devil take me if I am.

Cla. Was you never in love Sir?

Wilm. Never with a Fool, Child.

Cla. Why, then you must rise at Midnight, turn your self round three times, say your Prayers with your Face and hands in blue Milk, and then——

Wilm. What then?

Cla. You may go to bed again.

Wilm. May I so, Mrs. Nimble-chaps; let us walk a little farther this way *Fair*, she begins to grow troublesome.

Cla. Hearke you Sir, stay a little, and I'll tell you your fortune, O fy, O fy, you have not been a bed all this night.

Wilm. Ha?

Cla. If you had, you'd hid some Daizy roots under your pillow, hung your shoes out at the Window, and dreamt of me forsooth.

Wilm. Then I should have dreamt of a Fool forsooth.

Cla. Then I shou'd have told you who you'll be Marry'd to, and what's become of the Tanner's Daughter you gave something to, I know what.

Wilm. Ha, is the Fool turn'd Conjurer? Who in the Devil's Name art thou?

Cla. The Goldsmith's Wife that lost my Maiden-head the night before I was Married, can you tell me any News of it?

Fair. Why *Frank*, art thou Bewitch'd?

Cla. My Aunt had a Daughter brought to bed in the Country, and was Married afterwards to a Lord's Chaplain.

Wilm. The Devil take thee heartily, heartily, heartily.

Cla. My Mother had 20 Guineas and a new Gown for carrying a Mercer's Neece to a Gentleman's Chamber, and I had ten more for taking care of her Child.

Wilm. Death and Damnation!

Cl. O Sir, you must not Swear, if you do, the Puritans Widow will never trust you in her Chamber again.

Wilm. If thou art Flesh and Blood, and not the very Devil himself, as I begin to doubt, I will know who thou art before we part.

Clar. I am a little Fairy that challenge People in the night time, and run away from 'em when I have done.

Wilm. Prithee *Ned* strike me a sound rap on the Pate, that I may be sure I am awake.

Clar. I'm a busie Tell-tale, that send Husbands home to catch other Men in Bed with their Wives.

Wilm. For which you shall be Whipt abundantly, Child.

Clar. I'm a little Night-Walker that get Mens Keys out of their Pockets, run into their Chambers, rifle their Chests, read all their Letters, and laugh at 'em when I have done; I'm a Jilt, a Fool, a Gipsie, and ——— your humble Servant. (*Sees company by her self.*

Fair. And thy own Mistress, *Frank.*

Wilm. The Devil rather come to torment me; he could never appear in a more hated Shape; but Madam, how dare you look in my Face again?

Clar. Why Sir, is there any thing dangerous in it?

Wilm. Don't you perceive it bent on mischief, and read in it an open assertion to the whole Sex in general, and your self in particular?

Cl. Your pardon Sir, I can see no such alterations in me; your Eyes appear as wanton as ever, your Blood as high and amorous; I am so far from thinking you an Enemy to our Sex, that rather than lose one Hour, I fear you can't descend to trifle away an hour or two with the Maid, when you find that no unfair, that Maid, Sir, your hungry Footman has scorn'd to touch; deaf to this proof sufficient to confirm what I say.

Wilm. And reason good, were all Men of my mind, you Ladies, proud fair-born Ladies, should starve and pine to death for want of what your Maids enjoy at full; the Pleasures they can give, I'm sure, would equal if not exceed, being with such low submission, and slavish patience, we still sue to you for; they taste our Joys with equal vigour, and sit down sooner satisfied; Where's your fine trusty Squire, has he perform'd well to night, and cool'd your warm Blood, or only stirr'd it, inflam'd it more, and rais'd your appetite; that's able to out-last the lusty service of a fat pamper'd Stallion?

Clar. Lord, Lord, how froward he is, for want of rest I warrant him, you'd do well to go home and sleep, Sir, it does not become you, a Gentleman of your full Occupations, compar'd with whose abilities, the Husbands grow loathsom to their Wives, for whom our longing Virgins spend all their hours in silent wishes; bless me, what a Treasure I have lost, such an handsom well shaped Man, made on purpose to fill a Lady's Arms, and withall so modest and so innocent, a little whiffling School-boy knows more than he does. Tell me, Sir, and tell me truly, What encouragement did you ever give me to build my Faith upon your Love; could I with reason hope to find you true? Did you not hope it from a common Strumpet. Dare you who are a perfect Inventory of loath'd and lazy Pleasures tax my Vertue with one thought of baseness?

Wild. I doubt I have been a Fool, but dare not own it; she'l grow too haughty if I once submit.

Clar. You think me silly; to shew how much I scorn you I'le own I am, own that I have lain all this night in the kind Arms of my more worthy Rival; see where he comes, with whom one happy hour can yield more Joys than all your Life can reach at.

Enter Flavia.

Fair. A brisk Youth on my word, I pity thee *Frank*, but he's a Bait the handsomest Lady need not scorn to catch at.

Flavia. Good luck, or bad, Madam.

Clar. Good, good, be yields, Girl, my life on't.

Wild. Well, Pox on her, let her go, yet it vexes me that such a Snapper-snapper should win the day. Hark you Sir, I wish you much joy, you have had an happy night on't I hear, do you think you could hold out another; A Woman, Sir, a young wanton Woman, is a sort of stubborn Beast that requires both skill and strength to manage nicely; How like the Rogue looks under the Eyes!

Fl. Your words, Sir, seem to bear some meaning in 'em I'm not acquainted with; howe're I hope she'l find me what she expected, true to her and love.

Cl. I find your Merits larger than my Wishes, all that my Youth deserved or Love e're hop'd for.

Wild. I shall grow mad anon. Madam I own you justly have prefer'd my Rival, and though, till lost, I never cou'd conceive how much I lov'd you; yet had you given me leave to read you, to read that noble Spirit within you, that Excellence which wou'd require whole Ages to learn e're truly, and admire with justice, you might have clear'd my Soul, made me confess that Men may love, and yet wear virtuous Minds.

Clar. Do so, and then be happy. I have won the day, and all the World shan't part us; nay start not Sir, I am yet as clear as truth, like Virgin Paper not one stain upon me, here's one I'm sure will stand to what I say; Madam, I confide your self.

Wild. Flavia!

Flav. The same, that next to what I once desir'd equal to life, but now must never think of, is glad to see you what you are.

Wild. That even I shou'd be such a blind Puppy to be deceived with all my Wisdom and Experience by a pair of Breeches! Wild-Fire take you, had I but found you out, I had so fir'd you, so trounc'd your Ladiship——

Fair. A pretty discovery this, indeed were I your Ladiship I'de preserve 'em as a Trophy, an hundred years hence they'l be as much admir'd as King *Harry's* Codpiece, or the Sword that conquer'd *Troyne*.

Wild. By my Manhood a perfect Bully; see *Ned* what an handsom Leg she has, and withall a fine promising Back, I wish you well, Madam, but if your Husband is not an able Man, I gad you'l throw him off the Saddle.

Flav. Well Sir, no more of this; you serv'd me yesterday a scurvy trick, and I have gaul'd you for it: With these, which now I find begin to grow un-

ease to one, I'll strive to lay aside all further thoughts of Love, for fear of you. [Exit.

Cla. Mr. *Fairly*, I find my Cousin's Anger does still lie heavy on you; Trust me, she shall be yours, do but come home and see, how much the Knight has bestowed for you.

Fair. Madam, we are both deceiv'd, and I supplanted; for *Bellmour* told me, she receiv'd his Courtship with all the easiness of a yielding Maid, seem'd pleas'd to hear him Speak, proud of his Praises, and granted more to him in one half hour, than my whole life could hope for.

Cla. This is design'd, a very trap to catch you; Is she so quick, so full of Plots? I'll Bribe her, lead her a Dance shall make her entry Heart Ake, and on her Knees sue to be reconcil'd; this very morning it shall be done, or stay behind her Hand before the Parson: Sir *Arthur* is to furnish out a Consort to entertain us at his Uncle's; be you there and follow my directions, if I fail you——

Fair. 'Twill be a Sin to doubt you.

Enter Betty.

Betty. O Madam, I'm glad I have found you; such News!

Cla. News! What News? Beshrew thy Heart thou hast frighten'd me.

Betty. Your Mother Madam, your scolding furious old Mother——

Cla. What of her? Are thou Mad?

Betty. Is come to Town with the Knight that is to be your Husband: She is as loud as a *March* Wind, and as angry as an old Coughing Magistrate; Two of her Horses are stilted, and a Coach Wheel broken, brought half by the way: When the Gentleman that brought my Lord the News left her, she was just got out of a muddy Pool, and cleaning her old Velvet Gown, that has scarce seen Sun these thirty years.

Cla. I hope some peaceable Man or other will lay hold of her, before she comes to her Journeys end, and confine her for a Mad Woman.

Betty. I fear Madam you are in more danger of being confin'd, for the protestation you Marry Sir *Arthur*, you shall die a Beggar for any thing you and I can get in *Warwickshire*.

Cla. So Mr. *Wilmot*, you see Providence never design'd us two to meet together in a Bed; She is a froward old Woman I can tell you that.

Will. Why, Madam, Are you in earnest?

Cla. Who can help it Sir? She has me under Lock and Key; I mean, the most substantial part of me, the Ten Thousand Pounds; I'm sure you are more a Man than to take the Baggage without the Bag.

Wilm. Madam, you wrong my Love, I have enough for both.

Cla. Your Pardon Sir; I'll not tempt Fate so far, there are some hopes indeed a Woman may live Comfortable with her Husband, if she brings something to keep Love warm betwixt 'em; but otherwise I fear his Affections will cool faster than the Wedding Dinner—— Nay, no more Promises and Protestations, you have won the Daughter, try now how you can prevail with the Mother: Let us home and consult my Lord; Come Mr. *Fairly*, who knows but we may all four meet in a Church before to morrow Noon yet.

Fair. You are all goodness, Madam.

Wilm.

Wild. Well, if I do loose thee——

Clar. You'll bless your good fortune.

Wild. I'll hang my self in one of thy Garters. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lord Goodland's *House.*

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. Well Sir *Arthur*, thou art an happy Man; a Man of dispatch Gad, I never knew what I was good for before.

Enter Marina.

Mar. My amorous Knight I see has Mew'd his Coat, and looks as stiff in his new Equipage as a grave Ceremonious Gentleman Usher luckily Marry'd to his Amorous Lady: Do they then think to cure me by these means? I'll meet 'em in their Plots, and so confound 'em, that they shall curse their own Inventions. *(Aside.)*

Sir Ar. So, so, all this while now is she in a deep Contemplation of my Person; Her wonder has struck her Dumb; truth is, if she was so taken with me yesterday in my greasie Hat and broad Belt, How should she contain her self now she views me in all my Glories? I'll make up to her. Madam, The first bright beams of Love, which your Generosity threw upon my Unworthiness last night, have new Created me: You are the Mirrour of Perfection, the Burning Glass of Love, for like that your Beauties have contracted all my scatter'd Thoughts, which before were darted upon your whole Sex into one Circle, and you are now the Center of my Hopes. I gad, and that's fine. *(Aside.)*

Mar. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, this is the extremity of Gallantry; you make me blush for want of an answer, though I confess silence will best become me; for I had better say nothing at all than speak too much.

Sir Ar. Too much you never can, each Syllable you utter exceeds the Musick of the Spheares.

Mar. I doubt, in the severity of your Wisdom, you'll tax my easiness, but who can help it? as the Play saith, None ever yet in Love were Wise.

Sir Ar. And all out on't are Fools: 'Tis the Business of the young, and Comfort of the old; 'tis what we are born for, the very thread on which our lives depend; for whilst Love continues the Soul and Body together, we Live; when that ceases, we return to Nothing, Madam, meer Dust and Ashes.

Mar. Well Sir, for the present I must retire; I dare stay no longer, I hear my Father coming this way; he must not know I'm up so soon, nor would I have him see you here.

Sir Ar. Nay, I hope you'll grace our Musick this Morning?

Mar. An hour hence Sir, I'll not fail you.

Sir

Sir *Ar.* You'll much Honour me. (*Exit* Marina.) Her Father! A lucky Thought's come into my Head; I reckon a little more Courtship will serve her turn; Suppose I apply my self to him, 'twill not be improper; he can object nothing against my Estate I'm sure, and 'tis that they say the old Folks chiefly mind.

Enter Lord Goodland.

L. Good. My Sister indeed is so far in the right, they are never safe till well Married.

Sir *Ar.* My Lord, I am your Lordship's Servant.

L. Good. This is an early visit, indeed, Sir *Arthur*, What Business can call you out of your Bed so soon?

Sir *Ar.* A Business, my good Lord, that in time may keep me longer in it, with your Lordships good leave.

L. Good. With mine Sir? Pray be plainer, I shall ne'er be wanting in any thing that may speak a Friends Mind.

Sir *A.* In confidence of which, my Lord, I'll proceed: Your Lordship has a Daughter, and can leave her a good Estate; my Father has left his Son a good one: I am very plain, my Lord; Now our Persons, and Estates, join'd together, will do much better than asunder: I am young, she is handsome, and both think it unreasonable we should lie any longer without a Bed fellow.

L. Good. This is plain indeed, Sir *Arthur*; and to speak the truth, I have nothing to object against your Proposals, if you can but perswade my Daughter to like 'em.

Sir *Ar.* We are agreed already; Love has been long hatching betwixt us, though we knew not one anothers Minds till last night, at which time, like conceal'd Flames, it darted forth, and gave each an happy view of the others Soul.

L. Good. Can this be earnest? Or is he in a Dream? Surely she can ne'er Love a Fool; Why not? Wise Men are out of Fashion with 'em now: Perhaps she has been told, the Fool still proves the kindest Husband, besides a large Estate, which, with his Person she may hope to govern, will hide all Faults: I'll take him as a gift of Fortune, and ease my Fears. (*Aside.*) Sir *Arthur*, you speak heartily, which shows an honest Mind; get but your Uncle's Consent, which, considering your dependance upon him, will be very necessary; and she is yours.

Sir *Ar.* That's as good as got already, my Lord; A Peer's Daughter! he'll never be against it; However, I'll take your Lordships Advice, and let him know what an Honour I am Born to. (*Exit.*

L. Good. If Sir *Simon* will but settle his Estate upon him too, as I am told he has design'd, though I force her Inclinations a little, he shall be her Husband; 'Tis true, my Sisters violence is no way commendable, yet if a Parent's Advice and Authority is requisite in the petty Businesses of Life, it must be more than necessary in a thing of so great Concern.

Enter

Enter Marina.

Mar. I wonder where my Cousin can be all this while, I would not willingly go by my self; My Father here still!

L. Good. So early up, *Marina*; These are Lovers hours, whose busie Thoughts make their Sleep short and broken; Nay start not Daughter, I'm not come to chide you: Could you then hope a Business of such moment could long escape a careful Father's Ears. I know you are in Love, that Blush confesses it; nay come, no more *Marina*, you have got a Father's liking to confirm your choice.

Mar. I'm amaz'd, but now 'twill be too late to hide my Thoughts, or trifle with his Knowledge. *(Aside.)* I owe it Sir, but by that Love I Swear, it ne'er gave life to one vile Thought within me, or taught me to forgot the fair Obedience I owe your Goodness.

L. Good. I do believe thee; thou knowest we have none amongst us but have their Faults, we should be more than Men else, he has his share, but yet a modest Mind may learn to pardon 'em.

Mar. Sir, had he ten times more, (even them his Virtues would outweigh) so I might have your liking, I'de take him with 'em all.

L. Good. Thou art all Sweetness, and shalt ever find me a Kind indulgent Father to thy Wishes; He wants indeed a little of the Air and Courtliness the Town so much admires; but he has that will make a Wife's Life easie; a good Estate my Girl, and would his Uncle, having no other Child to enjoy it, but add his to it, Sir *Arthur*'s Purse would much out-weigh their Wit.

Mar. O Heavens, Sir *Arthur*! To what a misery has my unhappy ignorance betray'd me? Fool that I was; not to perceive before, my Father's Words could never aim at *Fairly*, whose Faults, if he has any, are so small, they might with ease escape an old Mans Eye. *(Aside.)*

L. Good. A Business of such consequence must ne'er be long delay'd; I'll to Sir *Simon*'s Lodgings, and try what may done; if I find his Pulse beat time to our Desires, this Week thou art a Bride.

Mar. This Week Sir, 'tis too soon.

L. Good. I know you are Modest, and loath to lay aside that Name of Virgin, believe me, Wench, an honest Wife's a Nobler; my care of thy well-doing shall speak my Love. *(Exit.)*

Mar. 'Tis all too late, and my unhappy Anger has recoil'd back to work my own Destruction: O *Fairly*, Why was my Love so nice, or thine so forward?

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. How now Cousin, What in your Dumps? How does the Knight and you agree? I warrant you think this becomes you; Out upon't, a little Child since's Breeding Teeth would not be half so froward.

Mar. I must confess, 'tis for you I should be angry.

Clar. O is it ſo? Suppoſe my Servant like a valiant Knight, with a full Bumper in his Hand, maintains his Lady's worth againſt the boldeſt Drinker; muſt I forſooth think my ſelf injur'd in it, as if his Oaths had poiſon'd my fair Name, made it ſo loathſom that Bawds and Whores wou'd ſcorn it?

Mar. Did you but know how miſerable I am, you wou'd diſſolve your anger into pity, I have held a Snake in my unguarded Hand ſo long till I am ſtung to death; my Father encourag'd by that ſhow of Love which I met Sir *Arthur*'s Courtſhip, has doom'd me to his Arms.

Clar. How ſly you? No, that's carrying the jeſt too far, Marry Sir *Arthur*? He a an ungracious old Man, if he offers it; my Mother-in-Law Flesh and Blood I'le warrant him; when ſhe comes up I'le have 'em both beg'd for a couple of unnatural old Fools; No I have a trick worth two of that; what ſay you Coſin? we are both concern'd; ſuppoſe we ſhou'd be too nimble for their Gravities, and prevent 'em? Mr. *Fairly*'s to be had yet, and we ſhan't want opportunities this morning, by the Chaplain's aſſiſtance, of giving our Hands where our Hearts are.

Mar. No Coſin, the Curſe of *Diſobedience* will attend ſuch raſh Attempts; Honour and Duty both forbids us to diſpute a Parents right, ſomething I'le do for love, but know not what; after Sir *Arthur*'s Muſick's over I'le tell you more.

Clar. Here's *Fairly* coming, ſtay and be reconcil'd.

Mar. Not yet, 'twill look unſeemly.

Clar. Thou art an ungracious Girl, and were I *Fairly* I'd trouble my ſelf no more about thee; Murrain take her, cou'd I but have perſwaded her to it, I had had my ends; for truth is, ſince I am in ſome danger of loſing him, I find the Fellow *Wilmot* ſticks more in my Head than I imagin'd; and cou'd I have had her Company, I had made a ſure Bargain on't; and put my ſelf out of my Mothers reach, but I'le fit her for it, or my Wits ſhall fail me.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly.

Wilm. Well, Madam, what hopes?

Clar. Why, at preſent I'me thinking——

Wilm. Of what?

Clar. That if I live till to morrow, I ſhall be a day older.

Wilm. And if not——

Clar. I ſhall dye a Maid.

Wilm. Proper thoughts enough for one in your condition.

Fair. But Madam pardon my impatience, where's *Marina*?

Clar. Conſidering what Maſque ſhe ſhall have at her Wedding? nay Sir, never ſtart for the matter; you, like a whining Lover, muſt ſtand aloof, and let the bold Sir *Arthur* in the mean time attack her, board her in an inſtant, and now drive her like a Prize before him.

Fair. Be plainer Madam, I underſtand you not.

Clar. I am ſorry for it; know then, that whilſt you play'd at bo-peep with the Daughter, he ſteer'd a ſafer Courſe, and apply'd himſelf to the Father; you may gueſs the reſt, my Lord is a Diſcreet Man, and knows the Knight has got a good Eſtate.

Fair.

Fair. Are then all my Hopes and your Promises come to this? I can'd rave like a Mad-man; but he shall never carry it so.

Clar. No, if he does, I'le dye in a Nunnery.

Fair. But how———

Clar. Nay, no questions at present, unless I had more time to answer 'em; Go you home, I have a stratagem in view for *Betty*'s Fair, and will 'e'r take you, do you follow her Instructions, and leave the rest to me and Fortune.

In spight of all their Arts will win the day.
Fair. Love an Lovers Oracle, and I'll obey.

(*Exeunt* Love al.

SCENE *drawn, and discovers the Lady* Barnet *and Sir* Arthur *instructing his Musick.*

Lady *Bar.* Come, come Cosin, you Lovers are so curious, were they to perform before the King, half these Instructions would have serv'd.

Sir *A.* Madam, but one thing more, and we have done, be sure keep your Countenance: You Fidlers generally make worse Faces than Sir *Martin*; if your care in the performance, does but equal mine in the composure, I'me sure 'twill be very agreeable; And pretty *Mis*, can you sing the Song I gave you?

Enter Maria.

Mar. I thought to have met my Cosin here, Sir *Arthur*.

Sir *A.* She'l not be long Madam, *Mr. Wood* went for her, till they come in, and let's have the Song.

A Roundelau by Mr. *Motteux*.

MAN *is for Woman made,*
And Woman made for Man,
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Sickle is for the Grass,
As for Shelter is the Cave,
As for Lumber is the Cart,
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.
As the Sweets to be sucked,
As to Night the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
As to cool us is the Fan,
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.
Be she Widow, Wife, or Maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,

Be she well or ill arrayd,
Where, Band, or Heaven she
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

When that is ended, Fairly *enters leading in* Clarinda *Masqu.* And Wildoat, Flavia.

Fair. I now am happy, but tell me Madam, is't to your augers, or your love, or rather both, I owe this blessing? Ha! Are my Eyes open this Morning? *Methinks* there and here too. [Clarinda *unmasques.*

Clar. No Sir, but one that may do as well, if you'll but set your mind to it.

Wild. How! *Clarinda?* who the Devil have I got then? [*Flavia unmasques.*

Fla. An humble Lover, that was forc'd to make use of this snare.

Wild. To catch a Woodcock, a fine amusing work this, *Fairly* prithee let us change; thy Mare has got the worst on't.

Fair. I am all amazement, what could you propose in this Madam?

Clar. What I have obtain'd, a good Husband.

Sir *Arth.* How Sir!

Ly. B. Marry'd!

Wild. Marry'd, Thunder! You Marry'd, is that such a wonder? Zounds, they have more sense than to be a Cuckold already.

Ly. B. This is a sad, and unexpected disappointment to me. [*Aside.*

Wild. Take it for a Man to leave his lawful vocation of Whoring, what a plague had I to do with Wedlock.

Fair. Is this your Remedy *Madam?* you have now thrown the pail all o're.

Clar. You can't tell Sir, we are not the first that met upon mistakes.

Mar. My misfries are now compleat.

Ly. B. Bless me *Mr. Wildoat*, you'l have the Lord [illegible] Bride, her aunt will be extravagantly kind, old Bonds and Leases in abundance, besides her Husbands old Cloaths.

Wild. Has she ever an Estate for me too?

Ly. B. And an old Cradle for the first Child, Heir apparent to all her Apostles Spoons and Diaper Napkins.

Fla. You are wondrous civil, Madam.

Sir *Arth.* To my thinking you are not so merry as when in your condition shou'd be, what! a couple of Weddings and not a Farthing? You are oblig'd to my care, I have provided some Musick for you, you'll be brisker at night I hope; Mr. *Fairly*, I am sorry for your disappointment, but who can help it, this Lady's Stars were against you; Marriages you know are made in Heaven.

Fair. Dull blockhead, am I become his Game too?

Sir *Arth.* Had you given us timely notice, perhaps we might have born you company too, to make the pair Royal.

Mar. No, Sir, I won'd have Wedded to my Grave first: Did I want his impertinence to show me how much I have lost?

Sir *Arth.* Ha! is all her kindness come to this?

Mar. I had rather chuse a knot of Adders, mingle with Aspicks, or be confin'd to a Bed of Toads.

Fla. Ha, ha, what think you of a pair Royal, Sir *Arthur*; these are hard words.

Sir *Arth.* Hard enough to break my heart, but Madam ——

Mar. Stand off, my breath shall shift you else; unkind *Clarinda*, did this become your friendship?

Clar. It became my Wisdom, however, if you'll do as we have done, the Gentlemen without, will say grace to you too, come Sir, come in.

Enter Roger *in a Black frock.*

Fair. The first of all his function I have come to hate.

Clar. Nay Sir, pray be cover'd.

Roger. Not in my Master's presence Madam.

Wild. How Roger! that I shou'd know a Friar from a Parson.

Clar. If a *Mock Marriage* has that effect upon you, what can you expect from a real one?

Wild. Why that was it, had we been legally and orderly join'd together in the fear of the Lord, it wou'd have done.

Fair. Madam, I am much oblig'd to your wit, you have cur'd my fears, and this Lady is pleas'd to be reconcil'd.

Mar. Nay Sir, there are more difficulties behind, my Father ——

Clar. No more of that, I will make the Knight pacify his angry mood, I'll make him pay for what he has done, already, your Father's an old Man, and will be rul'd. Sir *Arthur*, since you are pleas'd to be a Party, follow me, I have a Plot in my head shall do all right again.

Sir *Arth.* Madam, I'll attend you, besides my Uncle is at stock for me, who has promis'd me a mumming joynture, and the Devil's in't if that won't do.

For the wife tell us, that alone can move,
Sooner than all the Rhetorick of Love.
Come with full hands, if with fluent you'd woo,
'Tis ready money makes the Mare to go.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Gudlend's House.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly.

Wil. NAy, prithee *Ned* bear thy self more like a Man.

Fair. Man! I shall be a disgrace to the Name, if I sit down thus tamely, and let him bear me off before my face; I wear a Sword ——

Wilm. Prithee wear a three diameter one, it will become thee better.

Fair. Bumfidled by a Fool, she is both for mine, see where she comes, all bath'd in Tears still more, I swear my Soul in Tears with Sorrow.

Enter Martina.

Mart. O Sir, you are deaf to all my prayers, but now the Lawyer was sent for to draw our Writings.

Fair. Or rather Papers for my Commitment.

Wilm. And you premeditate a whining speech before hand.

Mart. All I can say, Sir, cannot move you, but to morrow's Sun is

Wilm. With or no more can I, Madam.

Mart. Will you not hear me speak?

Wilm. Yes, Madam, I'll hear you speak, but not hear you.

Mart. Will you, Sir, consent that I shall have both his

Wilm. O Cupid, what hast thou

Clar. When you would have done I told you, but what's now to be done is past my knowledge, unless, seeing none but that we should be over-reach'd by a Fool.

Wilm. Your only remedy Madam, now will be patience.

Clar. And repentance ——— make him a Cuckold when he has her, what think you Sir, *Wilmot*, can she ever have a better for both

Wilm. I confess he has fit you an ill example, but I hope you have more grace than to follow it.

Clar. But my Mother ——

Wilm. Is a Tenacious old Woman, that to day is sad to morrow is not, wou'd you betray your self, and the greatness of Youth, to the humours of her dotage?

Clar. Do but something then, that may make me in love with your wit, some pretty contrivance or other to break off this match, and I'll adore you, otherwise I have vow'd to follow her humour.

Wilm. 'Tis a rash vow, and ought not to be kept, what wou'd you have me do?

Clar. If I could tell, I wou'd save you the labour of thinking.

Wilm. Lazy as well hope to live upon rarified air.

Clar. I can't help it.

Wilm. Did one ever hear the like; do you take me for a Conjurer,

you set me to shew you a Trick or two, eat Fire, swallow a Knife, or the like; there might be some hopes, but this is a case ——

Clar. Your Wits are lost in't, however, you know my mind, and will find me obstinate.

Fair. Madam, we are oblig'd to your care, though I fear all will prove in vain; and yet, as long as I wear a Sword, I can't despair. Love and this will do much.

Clar. Have better thoughts in you; here comes the jolly Bridegroom.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir Ar. She's a pervish fool, and shall pay for it when she's Married, ha? all these together! I don't like that, there is some Plot in the Wind I am afraid; that *Fairly* looks as surly as a Bear-eater, and yet when we are once married, I shall be more afraid of *Widow*.

Clar. Nay, come Sir *Arthur*, don't let us affront you.

Wilm. We are teaching your Mistress how she carry her self at the Wedding.

Sir *Ar.* Pray God he does not teach her any carriage after it. *Cuddle.* Madam, your Father calls for you.

Mar. I'll wait upon him.

Sir *Ar.* Shall I attend you?

Mar. The plague take you. (*Exit.*

Sir *Ar.* Say you so, he has a desperate rogue of her own, and that is an ill sign, for they who are so free of that, are generally so of something else, and the proverb is both ends; But hang it, I'll marry her, and punish her after wards.

Cud. Why, Sir *Arthur*, you'll be happy to an infinite degree. She uses you as familiar already, as if you had been married these six months.

Fair. But, Sir, do you think to carry it thus?

Sir *Ar.* Carry what? Does any one know what the Gentleman means?

Wilm. You mean you'll be a Cuckold if you dare marry, don't you, Faith you have reason if any body can, for you're a Jack Pudden.

Sir *Ar.* Good Lack, would one think it? but pray, Sir, don't be angry, for I vow to God 'tis none of my Seeking, marriage and hanging they say ——

Fair. Come together sometimes, Sir, look to't.

Sir *Ar.* What mean you Sir?

Fair. To cut your Throat.

Sir *Ar.* Spoke like a friend; but I can't stay to thank you now, business makes me a little unmannerly at present, ha, ha, ha; however, I invite you all to my Wedding, Gentlemen; and so I take my leave. (*Exit.*

Enter Belfond.

Wilm. O, *Harry*, thou art come at a wish, here have been such strange doings, I have been married and unmarried again, Man, since I saw thee last.

Clar.

Clar. What wou'd half the married People in *England* give they cou'd part so eafily?

Bell. It's an ill example, and thou'd not be encourag'd; but I have heard of all, and, *Ned*, I pity thy misfortune.

Wild. Your pity is all I can expect now, for we are paſt every thing elſe.

Wild. *Bellair*, there knoweſt I told thee to day of a diſcovery I had made, can't thy wit ſtrain draw ſomething from thence?

Bell. 'Tis aptly conſidered, a little pains may ſhape it into a good deſign: *Ned*, take courage, the Towre's not loſt yet, I have a ſtratagem forming in my head that may rout them all at laſt.

Wild. At leaſt I ſhall be indebted to your friendſhip.

Bell. Yes ſay, *Wildair*, you know her.

Wild. Her Father was my Coachman, till for his troubleſome zeal, having a Novice Parſon, I diſcharg'd him; I am ſure a little Money will gain her.

Bell. I am glad on't; what we before deſigned for our mirth, may, if right, be manag'd come attended with profit.

Clar. Mr. *Wildair*, I ſee your brains are in labour, I wiſh you an eaſie deliverance.

Wild. The product of this reward will make all things eaſie.

Clar. If it ſucceeds well, be merry, and have a Dance in Maſquerade: Mr. *Bandy*, you told me——

Band. I have them ready Madam.

Clar. Every one to their proper Batſman then, I hear them coming this way, we muſt not be ſeen this diſguiſed, it will create ſuſpicion.

Band. Silence all, and I may prevail ere Night,
Since all my Skill both Wit and Beauty hight. (*Exit, Music playing Clar.*

Enter Lord Gondſhrd, *Martin*, *Sir Arthur*, *and a Lawyer.*

L. G. Are the Writings drawn, ſay you?

Law. They are, my Lord, according to your Lordſhip's Order.

L. G. And the Portion to be paid on her younger Children?

Law. As my Lord.

L. G. Well, we muſt ſtay for Sir *Simon*'s hand then; Sir *Arthur*, I do aſſure you Madam *Clarinda*, though a little froward at firſt, like a young bird newly caught in a Cage, impatient of reſtraint, but you'll quickly learn to bear her.

Sir Ar. I ſhall do my endeavour my Lord.

L. G. Daughter no more, you'll prove a ſhame and ſorrow to my Age, and make me wiſh I had had a Father.

Clar. Good Sir, don't you by your unnatural ſeverity make me doubt whether or no I have a Father intereſt in your affections.

L. G. Go, go, you know how much I love you are well.

Mar. But Sir, to ſacrifice [illegible] a Fool——

L. G. There will be a couple of you well met if he is ſo.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir S. O, Coſin, are you here? My Wife told me you was gone to Mr. *Mortgage*'s Chamber.

Sir *A.* I met him, Sir, my Lord had sent for him before.

L. G. Godso, Sir *Simon*, come hand, and the rest my Chaplain shall suite.

Sir *S.* I know no reason why we might not make an end of all together this morning.

Sir *A.* No, good Sir, stay till to morrow, I must make a Song or two against the good time, I have a design in my head for a Maigue, and I can't get all ready so soon.

Sir *S.* Fye, Cousin, they are trifles may be dispenc'd with.

L. G. No, Sir, let him have his Will, besides, I expect my sister to Night, she'll be angry Gads me else.

Clar. Come, come, dry your Tears, Fortune may change, and work Miracles for you before to morrow.

Mar. Or, 'tis impossible, she's constant in her malice.

Enter Arsino.

Clar. Mr. *Arsino*, I read Success in your Face.

Ars. Madam, you are in the right, I have brought a couple of Gueſts to the Wedding will prove very unwelcome to Sir *Arthur*, an old Man of his, and her Mother, some envious Fairy forbid the Banns.

Clar. Pritht, good Mr. *Arsino*, has some ill luck befallen you? But how came you to bring 'em to town?

Ars. Meerly Magick of a Ring, for the sake of a little Mischief, had prepar'd 'em before hand, I met 'em at the Gate, and only whisper'd 'em with a few more Instructions.

Enter Sarah and her Mother.

Sarah. Where is that Monster Sir, that Villain and Dog-whipper?

Sir S. Gads my life, Sir *Arthur*, that would be an ugly thing to meet with in the dark.

Mar. Gads! these Gueſts are Devils.

Mab. That Whore of *Babylon*, Pitfall of Iniquity, and Lake of Perdition.

Clar. This is an excellent Dialect.

L. G. What would these People have?

Mab. Friend, we are come to seek astray Sheep, a backsliding Daughter, to turn her to the Faith of her Mother, and to rescue her from the Embraces of a Gentile.

Mab. Whose carnal Mind, fraught with the perverse Manna, longs after the Egyptian Flesh-pots.

Mar. This is the finest spiritual Scene.

L. G. Does any one know these Creatures?

Sir S. Yes, verily, (forsooth) Sir, who having won to his embraces the Daughter of my Brother, presumes to take her to Wife in the face of the Congregation, and lest she should be known, calleth her like an unlawful thing.

L. G. Sir *Arthur*, she seems to direct her Discourse to you; do you know her?

Sir Ar. Know her my Lord? yes, a little too well my Lord, I wish I never saw her in my life before.

Mab. Friend, I say unto thee, he has seen us both, and knows my Daughter; yea verily, the time is almost accomplish'd since first he knew her.

Sar. So the devil take him with all can be laid against him.

Mab. See, Madam, how Sir *Simon* foams.

Clar.

Clar. He has spoke twice; he'll speak anon.

Be. Aside. This this Woman's Confidence, and my Nephew's Confidence, perswade me he is right, this is no time proper for my anger; perhaps a little Money may make all up again. Hark you, Woman, who do you use to do this?

Aside. Nothing but the Truth, to which my Confidence bestoweth Testimony.

Sir Sim. Let me tell you, you don't take the right method at helping your selves; a word with you.

Sir Jealous. Sir *Andrew*, you are not so kind as you should be to an old Acquaintance, one you must needs know; the hit your Mind strange upon her. *Aside to Sir Sim.* Indeed Sir, you are all happy alike; you'll beget Sons and Daughters in abundance, this will be all Prophets and Teachers.

Sir Sim. Twas very lucky, that Sir *Jealous* should come just in the nick of time, had he staid but a few minutes, he had lost you: Nay, Miss, why so reserv'd? go, go, Salute her with an holy kiss: Yes, like the Saints I.

Sir Jeal. Miss Sir *Andrew* Act with an heroic Virtue, I'm sure the deserves it.

Sir Sim. Od there may be something in this, yet I smell a Plot, which may Ruin us too unexpected.

Sir A. My Lord, may I never have the Honour of calling you Landship Father, if ever I was more sorry for any thing in my life, and that I was so drunk that I could not stand.

Aside. The Enemy perish with those, those Fool-all-thinking; and with them Damnation on the Arms for that will destroy him the Dog of the Earth? No, do us Justice, or else expect Judgment, which now I denounce against thee.

L. G. Nay, Madam, you must not be loud: This I know all this to be a Lye, yet to silence you, I'll prefer your Daughter with you 2. and if, as you say, she is with child, (as Faith as yearly hundred more upon that) and now after all their Arts, Sir *Andrew*, I hope to observe in the you married to your own Content.

Aside. My heart——

L. G. Peace, I am inexorable.

Mar. And I——

Clar. [*Aside.*

Aside. This Accession, my Steward shall contest you.

[*Exit Clarinda and Servant.*

Cl. Well, I have one Plot more, and if that fails me, I'll give over. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. Child, you do know how Backward my Daughter is, besides that Reverence which ought all times and places to observe to Parents, Indeed Sir, may be wanting her Part; Yet I believe, we agreed with her Thoughts better, than I see.

Clar. Something to [illegible], my Lord, might do much; you know she loves dancing well; [illegible] would beg leave of your Lordship to present you with a Dance, one in Masquerade: It's an innocent Recreation, and I hope your Lordship will grant it.

L. G. With all my heart; anything to please her.

Clar. Within this half hour, Sir, they'll be ready: Mr. *Bufon*, a word with you.

L. G. Sir *Simon*, come, I'll make good my Promise to this Woman. Your Nephew is never the worse man for this Slip; a light touch of Youth: The best of Trees have their Blossoms before the Fruit appears. Time and Experience will blow it off.

Sir Sim. I hope your Lordship will have no cause to repent of your Generosity.

Exit after to Clar. I admire your way, Madam, I'll give them their Instructions immediately. [*Exit.*

L. G. The young people here are preparing a small Entertainment for us, a Dance or two, we'll give 'em way a little, our Company may disturb 'em.

Sir Sim. I'll follow your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Clar. Sir *Arthur*, you look on your self as secure now.

Sir A. As Friends and Fortune can make me.

Clar. Do you think my Cousin and *Early* have no Plots remaining.

Sir A. More worse than the last.

Clar. See how you are deceiv'd now; for know, Sir, that within this hour they design to be married, in spight of all you, your Uncle, or my Lord can do: But since I find you engaged in this Business, I reckon my Honour as much engaged as yours, and will therefore teach you how to mate 'em in their own Devices, and to assure 'em, that you shall get out of their power to plot ever after.

Sir A. Dear Madam, let me adore you.

Clar. Be patient a little; you know we are to have a Masque presently: Now, whilst all the rest are busie at their Sports, they are to draw off, and by the Contrivance Assistance, who is of their Party, be run so fast together, that all my Lord's Fury and Policy will never be able to separate them. This I had of *Betsey* just now, who thinks me a friend to their Purposes. Now, Sir *Arthur*, what Tricks to prevent 'em?

Sir A. Tricks Madam, a thousand. I'll give my Lord warning of it before-hand.

Clar. That's not so well: For if they fall of this, they have such fruitful inventions, that ten to one but they find out another before Night, and make sure work at last: Nothing to countermine 'em, and blow all their Imaginations about their Ears?

Sir A. I can think of no force remedy, than what I have propos'd.

Clar. It's a sign you are in Love, your Thoughts move so heavily. I'll tell you then. Suppose you should step into *Early*'s place, and put the Change upon *Marina*? This is a piece of Wit would force your way to her affections.

Sir A. But Madam, is this practicable?

Clar. Nothing easier; I sent word by *Betsey* to *Early*, That *Marina* would appear in a Turkish Veil, and advis'd him to be dress'd like an *Indian*: Now, to deceive 'em both, I'll tell her 'tis *Early*'s desire she should come in like a Shepherdess, and that he himself wou'd make choice of an Huntsman's Habit.

Sir A. Now, Madam, I understand you; I have her in view, and if I lose the Scent, may *Actæon*'s Fate be mine.

Clar. I'm glad you are so quick of Apprehension: Go, you must be as quick as you can.

Sir Arth. With equal Plots I'll meet their Plots, and fit

A Woman's cunning with a Womans wit. [*Exit.*

Enter Betty.

Bet. Madam, my Lady *Maria* wou'd speak with you.

Clar. I am for her, and do you follow *Betty*; I have been a long time in your debt, and if all you told me this morning is true, I may chance before night to acquit my self; if you'll be reasonable.

Bel. To any thing, provided you may command me.

Clar. That's well said, come along then; I see the Masquers coming, I'll be amongst 'em presently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Goodland, *Sir* Simon *with* Fairly, Wilmot, Belfont, *Lady* Barter, Landlady, Flavia, *and several Dancers in different Habits.*

L. Good. Gentlemen and Ladies you much honour my house, I have some young people within, will not be long from you.

Sir Sim. Certainly these Gambols were first invented by some Whoremaster or other; a man can't know his own Wife, if she be amongst 'em.

Wilm. Surely that must be my Landlady, I should know that chin the shake of her head; pray Madam what does your fancy most at your Ladies in Masks?

Land. Nothing under a Goddess, I'll assure you Sir.

Wilm. Goody Coxe, I believe in spight of her modesty—

Land. If I was so, you'd be the first I should suspect for the Ravisher.

Wilm. Now I shou'd rather take you, for an old Usurer's Wife, that under the covert of a Masque, have ventured to make one fully more ridiculous in the World, to view in others the sinful pleasures of your past youth, or a Cuckold bawd, come to debauch other Wives and Daughters, and rob our Mistriss to supply your Courtiers cullies.

Land. And what are you, a Citizen's Footman, that presuming upon your Mistresses familiarity, have made bold with your Master's Wardrobe, thought this sunny day of appearing here in your life in a Character, to which you were never born; and which like a Player, you must within this half hour resign?

Sir Sim. By your gilded Pantofles and broad Sword, I more than half believe you are a French Mountebank, Vaulting and Dancing for the company to be civil to you, and that Madam, I take a plain downright English Cavalier, that won'd fain be civil to 'em all.

Sir Sim. Now, for aught I know, that may be my Wife yonder, and the fellow talking to her, a Bred young Gentleman.

Enter Sir Arthur *as the Fop, with the other* Clarinda, Maria *and* Betty.

Clar. There he is, succeed and be happy.

Sir Arth. Let me look about a little, there's my Shepherdess, but where's the Indian? O, I see him, pack fool, how his wits are rambling after the Turkish Lady; I must confess I am but little better than an Infidel to serve a Christian Lady, but charity they say, first begins at home.

Bet. Sir, Sir, this way lies your game, are not you *Mr. Fashly*?

Sir Arth. Yes Child, the very same.

Bet. I can't but think how neatly we shall deceive that Fool, Sir *Arthur*; you'll be in the Indian habit.

Sir Arth. Marry, he'll never have the heart to appear abroad again, in his own shape, after so signal a disappointment.

Ber. I'll desire my Lord to call for a Dance, and then lead you the way, I'll follow you.

Sir Arth. Stanly. How infinitely am I obliged to Madam *Clarinda*! Well, this is such an excellent trick! Pray Heaven I contain my self before the Parson.

Exit Ber. followed by Betty.

L. G. Come Gallants, you that are no Dancers, make room for those that are.

Bet. to *Cla.* Has the bait took Madam?

Cla. I warrant him unable to do any more mischief for the future.

Sir Arth. Gentlemen and Ladies, be it known unto all present, that I *Sir Arthur Stanly* of the County of *Warwick*, Baronet, have taken to be my Wedded Wife, this noble Lady; now whether it was with or without your consent, Madam, if matters not, however I hope you'll own you have been out-plotted, and that you have got a Wife for your Husband, and beg at once a Blessing and pardon from my Lord. *Cla. swoons.* Cheats! Plots! Murders and Monsters! I am not married, never was married, and never will be married.

Bet. Your pardon, Sir, I can bring Witnesses who saw you give your hand to the Priest.

Sir A. They are all Heathen Rogues that say so, he is no Priest, he is a Papist, a Monk, a Friar, a Jesuit, he is the Devil's Confessor, or, now I think on't, he is Mr. *Wilmot*'s Man *Roger*.

Bet. My Lord well knows that, Sir, he has had the Honour of being his Chaplain these six years.

L. G. Why, Sir *Arthur*, what can be the meaning of this? Are you mad?

Sir A. No, but I am married, and that is ten times worse.

Cla. Married, Sir? You jeer sure.

Sir A. Ah! are you there? You have thrown a pretty hand Serpent upon my back, I thank you; a Pox on you, *Clara*! a Pox, Cart. For your sake, I'll never trust a Woman again, but when she's asleep.

Mar. This is a miraculous Deliverance.

L. G. Fond, Sir *Arthur*, your own subtle and too forward care has ruin'd you.

Sir Sim. Tho I have no Heir of my own Body, to inherit my Estate, there are many others that will better deserve it, than the servile Son of a Chamber-maid.

Sir A. So, I have not been married this half hour, and yet I find the Blessings of Wedlock coming thick upon me already.

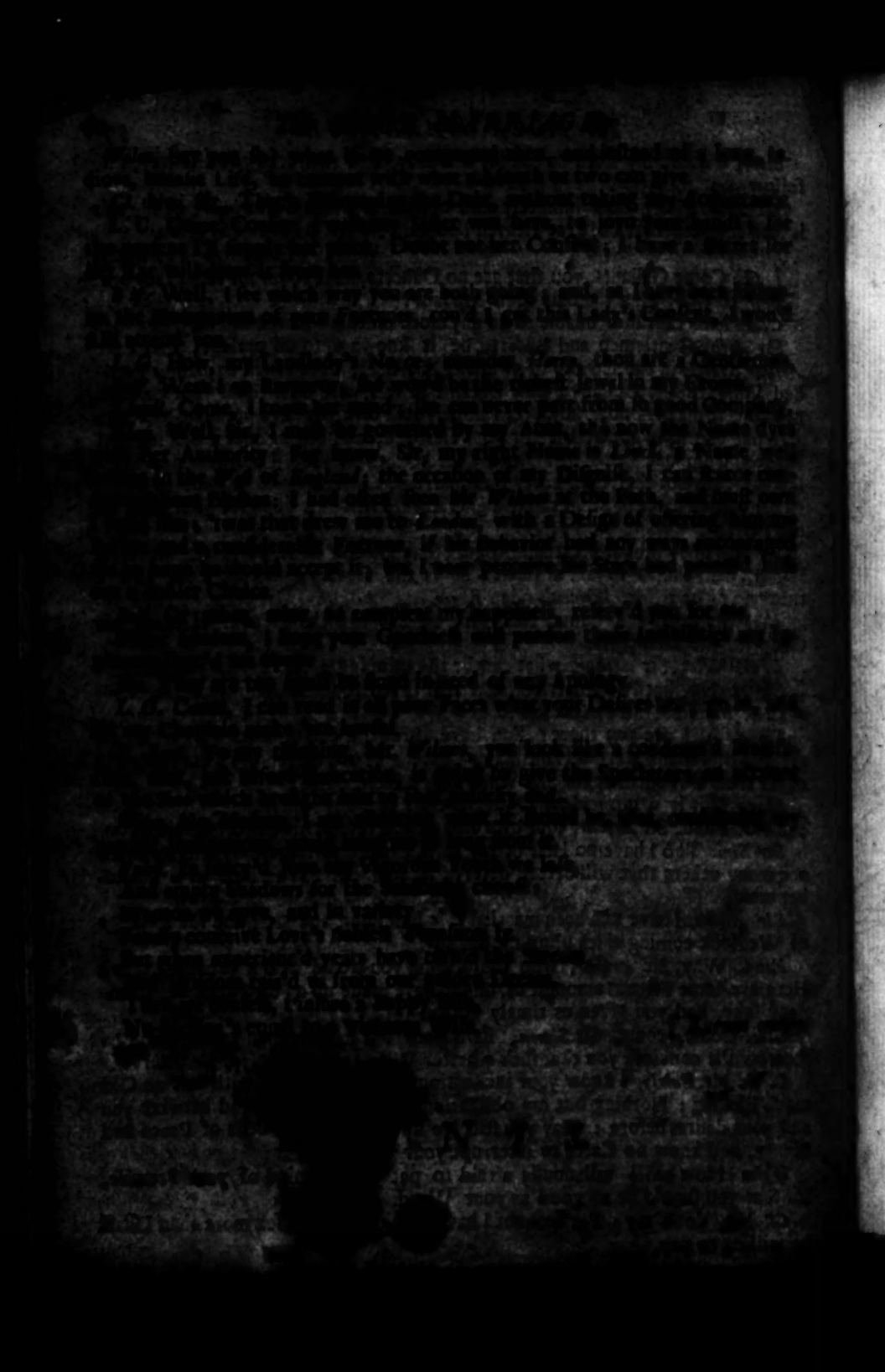
Fairl. Why, Sir *Arthur*, who could think you would Deal a Wedding thus? Here are those Friends amongst us, might have made up a Pair-Royal for Company sake, had you given us timely notice.

Cla. Cousin, cousin, Sir *Simon*, know your self a Wife man to day, and to morrow I'll convince you that she's a better Wife than your Nephew deserves.

L. G. Mr. Fairly, I know your inclination [illegible] with her an Old man's Blessing: Nothing but my obligation [illegible] stood betwixt you and your desires before: May you still live [illegible] Beds of Peace and Plenty, and know no Cares to interrupt your [illegible]

Wilm. Now am I villanously afraid to put [illegible] mind of your Promise, for fear you have'd be as good as your Word.

Cl. No, don't try; For I doubt I have [illegible] for more than I shall be willing to pay.



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